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REEDY'S MIRROR

Vol. XXV. No. 4

ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, JANUARY 28, 1916

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REEDY'S MIRROR

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

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Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Educated Minority Rampant

MR. PERCIVAL CHUBB pleaded a few days ago that the newspapers make some attempt to cover the things of interest to the educated or cultivated minority in this town. And there was force in the protest back of the plea. But what a feast the educated minority have been having since! There was the Burns' Club dinner for Rab's anniversary, at which Tom Daly read a poem, "The Birth of Tam O'Shanter," worthy, be it said, of Burns himself, a poem of exquisite fancy and music and tenderness, of which there was but one verdict: that it was all too short. There is Cyril Maude and his splendid company in "Grumpy"—a piece of character-genre, as Dick Spamer well said, to rank with Coudock's and Irving's and Jefferson's memorable impersonations, rising to the dignity of incarnations. There is "The Yellow Jacket," with Mr. Coburn as *Chorus*, and the inimitably bored and wordless property man—a play of primitiveness that wakes and sets to working the imagination and the sentiment of every auditor. There are Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hume in their cleverly outlined dramatics at the Principia. There is the unique display of rare editions and unique and artistic bindings at Scruggs, Vandervoort and Barney's, a choice assemblage of bibliophilic treasures, books of valued content and sumptuous printing and royal raiment. There are at Kocian's two Della Robbia—Luca's and Andrea's—examples of that sculptural art which evoked the incantational praise of Walter Pater, art never seen this far West before and of which there are not five specimens in the country. These panels in rather higher relief than I expected a Della Robbia to show, have a wonderful grace and vigor with a spiritual delicacy in the presentation of the divine maternity. The porcelain figures are the poetry of sculpture, and their very frames of modelled fruits have a free brightness out of which all cold inertness has been thawed by the glow of genius. I have not felt so rich as in fingering the rare books at Scruggs' or sitting before the Della Robbias at Kocian's, since I saw the Wallace gallery in London. For the time not the late Pierpont Morgan, the late P. B. Widener, nor the still happily extant beneficent W. K. Bixby, nor that heartfelt humanist, Fred Lehmann, had anything on me. And then there is Clark MacAdams' paper, *The Daily Chubb* in the *Post-Dispatch*, a debonairly humorous satire upon Mr. Chubb and yet doing actually the thing for which the lecturer of the Ethical Society pleaded—giving real news about things of interest to the educated minority. For all its blithe raillery, *The Daily Chubb* is a news sheet giving the news of poets and artists and their works. It applauds Mr. Chubb and takes its cue from him, even while poking gentle fun at him. The "educated minority" have been having a field week of it. I hope that as many will see the books at Scruggs' and the Della Robbias at Kocian's as have crowded the houses at "Grumpy" and "The Yellow Jacket" and enjoyed the bitter-sweet of *The Daily Chubb*. May the "educated minority" grow greater, but of course

not great enough to be a majority, because, if it came "unto this last," we should all know what would be "the matter with St. Louis"—it would be too much like Boston.

COL. BRYAN says he has not any opinion to express on Wilson's candidacy for renomination, Mr. Wilson not having announced his candidacy. He's holding back his knock-out punch—as he did on Champ Clark—perhaps.

Whom Does He Represent?

MEYER LONDON is the one Socialist in Congress, and he is in a stew, but in that respect he is not different from the Socialist party. Does he represent himself or the party? To whom is he responsible? The same questions were agitated when Victor Berger was the lone Socialist Congressman. Berger, who is something of a personality, introduced a Socialist bill for old age pensions. The National Executive Committee of the party told him it was not right and ordered the bill's amendment. Berger had had no instructions, at least not on that particular matter, but he was "called down" so hard that many Socialists said he was right; that if the party had wanted him to do things it should have told him definitely what those things were. Discussion of this difference of opinion almost split the party in twain. Now "Comrade" London is up against the same difficulty. He voted for the war tax. He introduced a peace resolution. For the latter he was much applauded. For the former he has been severely condemned. Still, the party organs want to know whether "Comrade" London shall be permitted to go ahead using his own judgment as to what Socialism calls for as to particular measures, or whether he shall wait for definite instructions. The party, by the way, had formulated a peace programme last May. London's peace resolution departed from that programme in many respects. The *New York Volkszeitung* condemns London. So does the excellent *New Review*, mildly. London cannot say he represents his New York constituency. That does not "go" in Socialism. Victor Berger said he represented the Socialists of his district in Milwaukee, but was told he was mistaken. The true Socialist theory is that a Congressman represents the whole party. The *New Review* says the collective party view must prevail on any issue, no matter how able, upright and sincere may be the representative. The party should dictate the vote of a representative on such an important question as the imposition of taxes. It is a big issue. We have had it in other parties. Edmund Burke made one of his greatest speeches in support of the individual representative's responsibility to his sense of right as against his allegiance to a party programme. Many Democrats who voted against free silver in opposition to their party said they were responsible first to their own consciences. Personally, I think the representative must first be true to himself, but better men than I say the representative must represent those who elected him—as if a mandate to do what one is convinced to be wrong could be valid, backed by no matter how great a majority. There will come up many things in Congress upon which "Comrade" London cannot act at

all, if he has to wait for instructions from a plebiscite of his party. If the National Executive Committee tells him what to do, the party at large may differ with the committee. There was a lot of Socialism in the action of many Congressmen who voted for Prohibition not because they believed in it themselves, but because they thought most of their constituents wanted it. There's a lot of upholding of the President's policies by men who don't believe in those policies. They go with the party. Whenever a man stands up and votes as he believes in opposition to his party, there is talk of his being "recalled." Such menace to a representative does not tend to get the best kind of representatives in office. Of course, a man should act in Congress in accordance with his party's principles, but a man of real mind is very likely to differ with his party as to what action a correct interpretation of the party's principles may dictate. Socialists, however, do not admit the individual's liberty in that way. They say he must act for his party and for his class. They do not admit that any man is good or wise enough to be permitted to commit the party on any vital subject. Election to office does not qualify any man to interpret party sentiment for himself. He is not infallible. His actions must be directed by the party. Not the individual but the collective party view must prevail. "Comrade" London, says the *New Review*, is prone to disagree on very important matters not only with many Socialists, but with the party as a whole, and when he disapproves of them, party decisions have very little weight with him. He must be disciplined. Yet the very people who maintain that doctrine and advocate that practice are clamant against militarism. I cannot see how a Socialist can consistently vote for a war tax, but Socialists did it in Germany and if they did so and remain Socialists, I don't see why Meyer London cannot consistently do it in this country. Most thoroughgoing Americans will not subscribe without reservation to the doctrine that a man elected to office represents only the party. A man must represent all the people and he must represent himself. That, however, is democracy and not Socialism.

♦♦

Night Riding; Its Cause and Cure

DOWN in Southeast Missouri, sixty-seven night riders have been arrested and many of them have been sentenced to the penitentiary for the peculiar form of lawlessness represented by their descriptive designation. These men took the law into their own hands for redress of their grievances, and, of course, that means that they outraged the rights of their victims. They gathered in secret oath-bound conclave, selected their victims, roused them out of bed at night and thrashed them with hickory limbs. One man they shot. Their grievance was that the people they punished had raised rents in the New Madrid region and at the same time lowered pay for work in clearing land. The *St. Louis Republic* says that the outbreak is due to changing conditions in the region affected. A great deal of land has been drained thereabouts and new blood has been brought in. The new blood made bad blood. But the *Republic* does not see that the night riding it is glad to see punished is a part of the everlasting land question. The draining of the swamps increases the value of all the land thereabouts. The increase of the land value causes a rise in rents. Moreover, the drainage operations bring more people into the region in search of work, and the men outnumber the jobs, so the wages go

down. The people who have been night-riding may be, as the *Republic* says, illiterates, but they know that they are being crowded off the land and off the waters, too. Tenants who find their rent increased, laborers who find their pay decreased as a result of public improvements are not so illiterate as not to know that the land taxes in that region are not raised in any true proportion to the increase of value at which the land is held. All the increase of value due to the extension of the drainage district goes into the pockets of the landlords. They tighten their land monopoly. The tenants pay the taxes and their rent, too. Old tenants are being forced off their land. The supply of land is being reduced in so far as access of the worker to it is concerned, in spite of the fact that it is being increased to the extent that it is being drained of water. There is more land for the landlords; less land for other people. Less land and fewer jobs for more people mean lower wages. Improvements benefit the few and injure the many. In resentment the "illiterates" organize themselves as night-riders and go out Ku-Kluxing. They do wrong, of course, but they feel that they are being deprived of a chance to earn a livelihood; they are being driven from their homes to make way for tenants who will pay more and work for less money. "But," says someone, "there's a lot of cheap land to be had by these people." Where is the cheap land? Where is the land that someone has not pre-empted, without doing another blessed thing to it, and sits there waiting to charge a fancy price for the use of it? Big farms are increasing in Missouri. Tenant farming is increasing. That is what is making night-riders. To be sure, night-riding won't stop land monopolization, but it will direct public attention to the evil of land monopoly and point the way to destroy it. That way is to tax the full economic rent of land into the public treasury and to establish no title in land save that of actual use.

♦♦

A Vice Committee Report

AN Illinois Senate Investigating Committee has made a report that sets forth that poverty is the cause of crime, low wages drive women to vice. Very well. How are wages to be raised? How is poverty to be abolished? That's "as easy as an absey-book." Increase the number of jobs. How is that to be done? By freeing the land so that people can work upon it without paying tribute of their labor for the privilege. Let men be able to go on the land and work for themselves. Make it unprofitable for anyone to hold land out of use. Put the land to use and the result is the production of wealth. Let the producer of the wealth have that wealth and there will be no poverty. If a man can go to work on the land, anyone who wants that man to work for him will have to pay him more than the worker can earn for himself on the land. How can the holding of land out of use be stopped? By taxing it so that it will have to be used or let go of. Then there will be no crime caused by poverty, no vice by low wages, no disease bred in slum tenements innocent of light and air, no children sent into sweatshops when they ought to be in school. Drunkenness will be diminished. There are more people who drink because they are poor, than people who are poor because they drink. A minimum wage law for working girls will not save the situation so long as restriction of opportunity operates to make competition for jobs desperate. Such laws are only palliatives, not cures. The committee reports that "the highest standard

of morals exists among the girls in the high schools, colleges and universities of the State." Sure; among the girls better and best protected economically; among a selected few daughters of those least stressed by poverty. And yet virtue is not monopolized by the sheltered girls. There is as much virtue among the poorly paid working girls, in proportion to their greater number. There is more virtue than men think when they come out of a crusade against vice. There is less vice and crime than there is poverty. If that were not true, society would be a brothel slaughterhouse. People are better than their institutions.

♦♦

The Perfect Salesman

I'M sure that the gentle Elia would have classed it among *Biblia a biblia*—books that are not books—if he had come across it—the book I read last week. It is "Read's Salesmanship," by Harlan Eugene Read, one of the owners of Brown's Business College. But books like this were not written when Lamb stood at his high desk in India House. I doubt if, as the saying goes, I could sell a gold dollar for 90 cents. But this book got me and I went through it with much pleasure. Gee! What it takes to be a good salesman! It takes about all that it takes to be a good anything. Let us see if I can tell some of it in brief. You simply have got to be a master of yourself, that you may master others into buying. You must believe in what you have to sell. You must know all about it, how to present its best qualities, how to meet every objection the buyer may present. You must have all your faculties on edge, so you can read the other man, so you can win him. You must look after your appearance. You must cultivate your intelligence so as to be able to interest your subject—and you must broaden your sympathies and interests to meet him on his own ground. Look out for your health for you cannot succeed with a man if you are tired or seedy-looking. You must formulate your argument as carefully as you would a public speech, and that formulation must be elastic enough to permit of reshaping to meet exigencies and emergencies. You must know all you can about the man you are to sell and deal with him accordingly. Above all, you must have respect for those to whom you would sell, and this goes with self-respect. You must have imagination; if not, you get into a rut and your solicitation becomes perfunctorily dull. You must concentrate and never dissipate your energy on the subject, to make the man you're talking to like you, like your goods, desire them. You must be able to read signs that you may not sell to one who will not pay. You must not try to sell a thing on the theory that you are "doing" the man for something. Salesmanship is to dispose of something on a basis that will mean you and the other man are both benefited. You must know when to press the negotiations to a conclusion, select the psychological moment. You must have a good memory of your seeings and hearings and the wit to "put this and that together." You can cultivate this into intuition and into something like clairvoyance or telepathy. You must work steadily along the line of affirmative suggestion, make your man a yes-sayer. You must not be over-anxious to sell, nor too indifferent. All your faculties must be in working order to the one end you have in view and yet you must not impress your man with the idea that the only use you have for him is to sell him. Mr. Read's book puts the reader through a

swift but clear course of applied physiology, psychology, logic, and I couldn't begin to enumerate what else. Mr. Read writes well because he writes clearly. He has considered salesmanship from every possible angle and he throws off epigrams like a Roman candle. And he's always swinging the reader round to the prime consideration of honesty, sincerity, truth-telling. It's quite dazzling the way he quotes William James, Hugo Munsterberg, Hudson's "Law of Psychic Phenomena," Bain and such folk. His tables are illuminative and illustrative aids to mnemonics, and he is always insisting that heightened faculties are nothing if they have not a substratum of sound character. After I had finished the book I came to the conclusion that what a good salesman consists of is just about what a good general or admiral or statesman or—oh any good man—consists of. He must know his job, be on it all the time, keep thoroughly alive to the world about him, comprehend events and tendencies and characters, keep clean-minded, clean-hearted, clean-souled and interested in human beings and sympathetic and cheerful. What! All this just to sell things? Yes, all this. Everybody has something to sell, since life consists of interchange of services. And you will sell things successfully to people if you like them and they like and believe in you. A fellow who had nothing to read but "Read's Salesmanship" on a desert island would be able to construct out of it a world of romance and adventure and a philosophy of sound ethical endeavor.

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The Situation at Washington

THERE does not seem to be much preparedness in Congress for the carrying out of the Administration programme. The Democrats are not getting together for anything, so far as anyone can see. There is no leader in the lower House. The nominal leader is pulling away from the Administration. That the Democrats in the Senate are pretty much at sixes and sevens is becoming plain. Old politicians say that there are signs of something like the break-up that came under Cleveland. The President is not doing much to straighten things out. He leaves that to Secretary McAdoo, and Secretary McAdoo is not the most popular member of the Administration. Underwood is missed in the House. Kern is rather nebulous in the Senate. Speaker Clark is no Czar. The caucus has shorn the Speaker of power. Senator Stone of Missouri, head of the Committee on Foreign Relations, supports the President, but thinks Americans have no business sailing on the ships of belligerents. Democracy at Washington seems rather disorganized, while the opposition simply keeps prodding the animals with sharp criticism of the President's policy as to the war and Mexico. It is almost to be suspected that the Democrats are marking time, waiting for Prosperity to come and get in heavy licks for them, or for the President to report on what he hears when he puts his ear to the ground in various places on his swing around the circle. Fabian tactics are the order of the day, but Fabius kept his forces busy digging trenches, draining marshes, making roads. The Democrats seem to be just talking and waiting for something to turn up. Republicans are growing more hopeful of a victory next year. A very little more Democratic indecision will improve Republican prospects mightily.

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What's House's Status?

WHAT is Col. E. M. House doing in Europe? He moves from capital to capital and has interviews with members of the Govern-

ments of the nations at war. He is received, of course, as the representative of the President, but he has no official standing. He is a kind of private ambassador at large. His mission, whatever it may be, looks like a reflection upon the legally commissioned ministers plenipotentiary. Whatever his functions, they appear to be extra legal. Some rumors say he is smoothing out matters between the ambassadors at London, Paris and Berlin, who have been somehow working at cross-purposes. Others aver that he is sounding the warring governments as to peace, acting as telephone for the President, doing what John Lind and William Bayard Hale were supposed to do in Mexico. Lind and Hale botched things in Mexico, apparently, but the American public knows nothing definite about their doings to this day. No more do the people know what Col. House is doing. The only record of a former visit of his to Europe is the collection of vouchers for his expenses at the Treasury Department. If one wished to be mean, one might say that Col. House's missions smack somewhat of that secret diplomacy which is supposed to be so foreign to our governmental methods in international negotiations. There are many Americans, not necessarily opponents of President Wilson either, who do not like the secret mission way of doing business with other nations. They would like a man on an errand as important as that of Mr. House seems to be, to be responsible to the people and not alone to the President. Not that the President is likely to have sent Col. House abroad to do or say anything which all the people may not be ready to back up if occasion demands, but the man who goes to other governments from the President should be an agent of this country and not of the President personally. It were better if such an emissary to the warring nations were not so vague as to his status. Wise and adroit though he may be, Col. House is in a very delicate position, if an ill-defined one, and he might say or do something that would cause complications. We might not relish having to go back upon him because he is not a duly constituted representative of our government, but only a "feeler" for the President. There's nothing official about him now but his expense accounts.

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Our Clogged Canal

GENERAL GOETHALS won't and can't say when the Panama Canal will be permanently opened for the passage of ships. The more the fill is dredged out the more the banks slide in. As a naval defense or means of offense, the Canal, too, is unprepared. And the Army is so sacred that criticism or investigation of canal construction is smothered.

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Boy Scouts

SOUND policy it is that dictates the movement for a more extensive organization of the Boy Scouts. It means that much needed discipline in co-ordinated service will begin with the youth of the land. That discipline will work out later in industrial life and it will be a foundation for military preparedness when that is taken up. It will give youths some sense of relation to the nation. The most efficient thing I saw working in England at the outbreak of the war was the Boy Scouts. The little fellows were in service of every department of government.

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When the German Fleet Comes Out

THE Germans are not fools. Therefore it is probably true as reported that they have put 17-inch guns on their warships locked up

in the Kiel Canal since the war. The German fleet will come out one of these days. It is unthinkable that it will be kept in hiding, and possibly surrendered without striking a blow. When it does come out, it will be found to have profited by everything the war has taught the German armament engineers. Great Britain cannot be defeated while her navy rides the sea and Germany must give that navy battle. The superior inventiveness of the Germans will be used to equalize the inferiority in number of ships with bigger guns of longer range and the fleet will probably go out into the North Sea under a cloud of aeroplanes and Zeppelins and behind a school of submarines—ships, aeroplanes and submarines all provided with new and more effective equipment. If Great Britain has not been intensifying the deadliness of her naval strength her greater number of war-vessels may not give her the advantage upon which she has been reckoning. The British navy holds Germany, and Germany must try conclusions with it or take a long chance on having to blow up her fleet or surrender it to perfidious Albion.

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The Impossible Again

How amusing to read this or that interview or article proving how impossible it is that this country should engage in war with Great Britain or Germany or Russia or Japan. Were we not told that war in Europe was impossible because of its cost? One of the best orations I ever heard was that made by Dr. Thomas E. Green, at the big Peace Congress in St. Louis, wherein he proved to a triumphant Q. E. D. that Germany didn't dare to attack France, or vice versa; that Russia was too fearful of revolution to attack Germany or Austria; that Great Britain had troubles at home that would prevent her fighting abroad; that Japan was too poor to fight. That was only about four years ago. Look at all those nations now. Didn't Norman Angell tell us the world could not fight because it would cost too much? David Starr Jordan said the same thing. War never seemed more impossible than in June and the early part of July, 1914. It is the impossible that happens, as well as the unexpected. And peace is improbable so long as we have imperialism and trade conflicts between nations. "Be ye therefore ready!"

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Concerning Smoke

HERE is an editorial from the New York *Evening Post* that should be of interest to St. Louisans: "Following Pittsburgh, Cincinnati now brings a message of hopefulness to cities wrestling with the smoke nuisance. Built on the edge of a bituminous district, and with her factories lying in a basin surrounded by residence-covered hills, the Ohio city has had to contend with many difficulties. As elsewhere, improvement has been effected through a department for the prevention of smoke, working by education rather than by a mere harsh invoking of the law. The chief smoke inspector states that 'owners, engineers, and firemen of fuel-burning devices are almost unanimously co-operating with the smoke inspection department in reducing damage, annoyance, and fuel loss resulting from smoky stacks.' His full statement makes it clear, as did that of the Mellon Institute in Pittsburgh, that any modern anti-smoke crusade must usually be based on the work of a local research bureau, investigating methods of burning local coals with little smoke. So well has the Cincinnati department carried on this inquiry that some of its methods have been adopted for imitation under other conditions

by the International Association for the Prevention of Smoke." Now how about smoke prevention in St. Louis? We have tried prosecution and used up Col. J. G. Butler's fund in the trial, but without effect. We have tried educational methods, but the smoke nuisance is worse than it was before. Men not at all suspected of incivism say that we need more smoking chimneys, not less. We are told that there is no smoke-consumer that works. No one need tell us that there is no co-operation against smoke, such as is reported from Cincinnati.

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Wilson as Spoilsman

NEW YORK CITY had a postmaster of whom it was proud, although there was much complaint of poor postal service in that town, because of lack of facilities. New York City wanted that postmaster continued in office. His name is Morgan. But now President Wilson has appointed to the place, Joseph Johnson, a Tammany man. This, after the President had declared against Tammany, after he had been nominated, chiefly because Tammany cast its vote for Champ Clark at Baltimore. It is said that the President needs Tammany to secure his renomination. No other explanation meets the situation, for the President was a declared supporter of the merit system in the civil service. The "pure politics" folk in New York say that Mr. Wilson has shattered confidence in his own sincerity, that the appointment "is an act of sheer disloyalty—a betrayal of convictions not only solemnly professed, but so fundamental as to be taken for granted in a man like Wilson." It would seem, say the Goo-Goos, that he deals with the civil service as he dealt with his convictions about knocking Bryan into a cocked hat, or with Col. George Harvey who organized the movement that made him Governor of New Jersey. But on the other hand, no one has ever supposed that Mr. Wilson was not a politician, and if a politician believes he has the best programme for his country, his first duty is to see that he is elected to carry out that programme. There are no successful *Parsifals* in politics. A politician must have leave to come and go. Counsels of perfection are all right from the fellow who's looking on, but they may well be counsels of disaster to larger purpose to the man on the job. We shall see that the superseded postmaster of New York City will be "a good enough Morgan until after election." "It's a condition and not a theory" that confronts Mr. Wilson. I believe in the merit system but I think I have noticed that when the civil service fellows have their way, they have a happy habit of slipping themselves into good jobs in government. Even the sainted Cleveland took care of a slew of highly moral muggumps who fought Blaine in his behalf. It is a sinful world we live in, brethren, and Mr. Wilson is not a demi-god. He has been trained in college politics, where "frightfulness" prevails, and he probably thinks Tammany purged of its evil by willingness to support him in consideration of a good job for Joe Johnson. There may be, as Oswald Garrison Villard says, "no water-tight compartments in character," but there are no unsinkable ships. The captain of the one that carries Wilson and his fortunes thinks he does well to dodge the Tammany iceberg.

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Why is Franklin K. Lane?

WE are beginning to save some of the public domain. Oil, gas, phosphate and coal lands in the West are not to be sold as formerly, but leased in limited tracts, on the basis of a royalty to the government on the product,

for a reasonable term, with privilege of renewal. Furthermore, we are going to give longer term permits for the use of water power, or rather for use of the public domain in operation or transmission of power. In the past, the lease limit was fifty years, but the lease was subject to modification or even revocation at any time. No extensive monopoly is to be permitted, nor will it be possible to lease land and hold it out of use. It is believed that this policy will speed up development in the West, for the fifty-year leases are to be renewable and compensation is provided for in case of transfer of the property at the end of a lease. All this is more of Secretary Franklin K. Lane's doing. He has started a government railroad in Alaska; he prevented the sale and provided for the leasing of Alaskan coal lands; he forced the amendment of the reclamation law to make water-using easier and to prevent non-use of leased land. Some interests in the West have fought all these measures, but they stood on States' rights and they could not stand long. The contention was ridiculous because the States had disposed of most of their power sites and lands in perpetuity to big corporations who naturally don't want competitive power developed on the national domain within the States. The national government regulates its own land and does it in a way to give the little fellow a chance at developing the country. Now this man Lane proposes to take a census of Indians and find out who among them are fit to take care of themselves and who among those capables are fit for full citizenship. The able Indian is no longer to be a ward of the government, if Mr. Lane has his way. The capable will shift for themselves and will have a vote, so that only women and idiots will be in the old non-suffrage class absolutely. This particular phase of the matter will not make so much difference in the West where women have been taken out of that class. Mr. Lane was made Interstate Commerce Commissioner by President Roosevelt—for which T. R. deserves a big white mark, especially as Republican Senators threatened to reject Lane's nomination. President Taft retained Lane and President Wilson promoted him to Secretary of the Interior. Lane has done things without any brass-band accompaniment. It is said President Wilson is considering Mr. Lane for the place on the Supreme bench made vacant by the death of Justice Lamar. The people might be considering him for President but for the fact that he was born in Canada. Mr. Lane is a Single Taxer.

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ONE thing is certain about preparedness upon any large scale. It is impossible without compulsory service.

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What's the Missing Word?

You have noticed, haven't you, that Mrs. Joseph Fels did not figure in any of the news about the silliness and wooziness on Mr. Ford's peace argosy? She was, as I said at the beginning, "the best man in the party," and the only one who had an idea that would really work out for peace between peoples, an idea that would prevent war for "a place in the sun" or for markets.

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A Progressive Income Tax

A FIGHTER from the old house will tell the City Club something next Monday at luncheon. He is Benjamin C. Marsh. He is against Rent and a lot of other things, but he's for people and production. He and his associates in New York and elsewhere have got up an agitation for "an equitable Federal income tax." They want to head-off the States from

imposing income taxes as Governor McCall, of Massachusetts, and Senator Sherman, of Illinois, suggest. They want the big rich to pay for preparedness. The poorer people are hit by too many taxes now, proportioned to their earnings. The big earned incomes come from services throughout a large area; the big unearned incomes derive from the whole country. Every recipient of an income of over \$1,000,000, Mr. Marsh thinks, should be taxed from one-fifth to one-third of the total. He has imposing statistics to support his argument. The individual income tax yielded during the fiscal year, ended June 30th last, only \$11,046,000, although in 1914, there were twenty-three hundred and forty-eight persons receiving an income of \$100,000 or more, of whom one hundred and seventy-four received an income of \$500,000 or more. He contends that, at least, \$300,000,000 should be secured by the individual income tax, and that the rates should be very rapidly progressive and intensive. To tax out of incomes of over \$1,000,000 a third to a fifth of the total would more clearly approximate that equality in taxation which it is the purpose of the Constitution to ensure and the duty of statesmanship to secure. The sum of \$300,000,000 would meet any reasonable expenditures for preparedness, and permit the reduction of customs duties upon the necessities of life, and of internal revenue duties upon the cheaper grades of commodities now classified as luxuries. Additional revenue for local and state purposes can be secured by heavier taxation of land values, which are an adequate, appropriate subject of taxation for these purposes. State and local budgets increase as rapidly as the national budget. The revenues come from general property taxes, business taxes, fees and licenses. National revenues come mostly from internal revenue and customs taxes. The major part of all these revenues come from the workers. Earned are taxed more heavily than unearned incomes. Mr. Marsh and his associates want the income tax made progressively heavier at the top, instead of lowering the limit of exemption. If the States start taxing incomes, the Federal Government will have to tax the breakfast, dinner and supper table and the wardrobe. There will be more of this as the "dry" area spreads and liquor revenues dwindle. The Marsh idea is to get the taxes from the heaviest beneficiaries of government, from the privileged, and the idea is being forced upon the President and upon Congress. With him are such men as Prof. John Dewey, Byron W. Holt, Amos R. E. Pinchot, Charles H. Ingersoll, Frederic C. Howe and George L. Record, to name but a few. Rational taxationists should rally to the cause.

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No Clemency in Mexico

THERE are no indications of amnesty for anyone in Mexico under Carranza. If such a condition continues, it is difficult to understand how order is to be restored. The revolutionists will continue fighting. If everybody caught is to be shot out of hand, if there is to be no trial or any semblance of law, it does not seem that peace can come. Vengeance may be the custom of the country, but the followers of the executed will make reprisals. If Carranza is to treat his enemies as Huerta treated Madero it is going to be hard to see any merit in recognizing the one when we refused to recognize the other. There would be more hope of peace in Mexico if there were any signs of clemency, any attempt to set up any tribunal other than the firing-squad. Carranza may do better in the way of setting up a government of law, after a while, but thus far he has not

done much. Still, a little more watchful waiting, after all that has gone before, may not be too much of a strain on the patience and the nerves of Uncle Sam. It might help matters some if, meanwhile, the present recognized head of the Mexican government were informed that a relaxation of the rigors of the *ley de fuga* would be in order in a state recognized by the (more or less) civilized powers.

❖❖ "A Budget of Paradoxes"

EVERYBODY ought to have a collection of what I may call "dip books," by which I mean books not for straightaway reading but books you can dip into any time at any page for a few minutes and read for profit and pleasure. The Bible is supremely such a book, and, of course, Shakespeare. Then there are Montaigne and old Burton of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," Colton's "Lacon," Luther's "Table Talk"—but why lengthen out the list? I find that "The Open Court Publishing Company" has made newly available another classic of this kind—a second edition of Augustus De Morgan's "A Budget of Paradoxes," first published in 1872. This De Morgan, an eminent mathematician, was the father of William De Morgan, the distinguished resurrectionist of the Victorian novel. His book is in two volumes and it is a mine of crooked and straight thinking, of absurdity and wisdom. De Morgan wrote it as pastime and it was printed first fragmentarily in *The Athenaeum*. He took his material from the library he accumulated in his researches. He tells us all about the hundreds of men who squared the circle, the folks who measured the circumference, the demonstrators of geocentricity, the disprovers of gravitation, the upholders of the axial revolution of the moon, the discoverers of perpetual motion. He starts with Buridan's ass poised in everlasting incertitude between hunger and thirst, between a pail of water and a bale of hay and he comes down to the aviationists, of whose success he was hopeful, though the aeroplane was a long way in the future in 1872. Likewise De Morgan was not disposed to be too damnatory of a theory that atoms are planets in motion. We have found something like whirling planetary systems in solids, and radiation has shown some things that look like perpetual motion, to say nothing of the transmutation of metals. De Morgan takes a fall out of spiritism and he classes Thomas Paine as a paradoxer. A paradox to him is fundamentally a something aside from a generally received opinion, though it has come to mean an absurdity. The conclusion of his *omnium gatherum* is that no great discovery in science has been made by anyone who approached his problem without knowledge of the past of his subject. Nothing has been given the world as the result of a happy thought at random. Newton had done a lot of reckoning and experimenting and thinking before the apple fell on him. While the men who stick to precedent may become ossified and oppose new knowledge, those who know nothing of what has been done in the past never enlarge the boundaries of knowledge. De Morgan deals, therefore, with what nowadays we would call scientific cranks. But the way he does it is a charm. You may not be quite sure you "get him" as you read his chapters on the square of the circle or the measure of the circumference, but before you weary you "buck up" over some outrageous pun, an outburst of doggerel, a good anecdote, a shrewd rap at some politician or party measure, a character sketch of some of the "bugs" who wrote books or called upon him to demonstrate that everything in accepted science is wrong. De Morgan is always humorous, never contemptuous.

He has quiet fun with religious controversialists, and particularly with the folks who explain Revelations, identifying the Beast and indicating the meaning of 666. Though he says he's no out-and-out Shakespearean, he does so only incidentally to repudiating the doctrine that Shakespeare was or is contemptible as regards learning. Too bad that Donnelly's and Owen's and the other cryptograms were not discovered until after the day of De Morgan; too bad also that he didn't live to discourse in his humorous way on the spiritist activities of Crookes and Sir Oliver Lodge. He does not say as much as he might have said upon the esoteric meaning of the measurements of the Great Pyramid, proving that it was built as a geometrical story of the world's past and a prophecy of all things to come, that it is the Apocalypse in stone and mortar. He has his little fling at the Book of Mormon. His discussion of the fantastic of the opponents of decimal coinage, of those who dispute the laws of longitude is rich in genial satire. But he does not stick to mathematics; he wanders off into absurdities of translations from the Greek, into ridiculous pronunciations and derivations, into the paradox of the reflection of the rainbow, which is not a reflection but is another rainbow. His chapter, "Science and Scripture," would hardly please the upholders of the paradoxes of "Science and Health," although he would have placed the Christian Science teaching on a higher plane, for when a thing apart from accepted opinion becomes an organized schism and a growing one, it has elements of truth which remove it from classification with isolated and dissentient reformers who attack the established system. As the reader follows De Morgan in his ramblings he discovers that the book has a sort of villain or Nemesis in one James Smith. This Smith is a circle-squarer and he pursues De Morgan relentlessly with books and pamphlets and letters to the papers showing that De Morgan doesn't know what he's talking about when he says the circle cannot be squared. The contemporary analogue of James Smith would be Lieut. Totten, or as some might say, Dr. Cook pursuing Peary with proofs of prior attainment of the Pole. "A Budget of Paradoxes" came out before "the crime of '73," else De Morgan would have had joy of the paradox of free silver. But De Morgan has a kindly word for Mary Wollstonecraft's "Rights of Women" in so far as that book does not say anything about free unions. De Morgan saw nothing paradoxical in regarding women as human beings. But no review can do justice to the entertaining and informing character of this book all compact of wisdom, wit and whimsy. De Morgan is a fellow one would have liked to have met, with a stein on the table and a paradox passing around like a medicine-ball.

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Little People's Bill of Rights

By W. M. R.

MUCH more important to this country and to the world at large than seems at first evident, is the recent formulation by the American Institute of International Law of a resolution setting forth principles of right and justice which should be carried out in the conduct of international affairs. While the Institute is a private, unofficial organization it has a public character as well. Its declaration represents the opinion of the most eminent authorities on international law of the twenty-one republics of the Western Hemisphere. Chief among the representatives of the United States are Elihu

Root and Secretary of State Lansing. It was Secretary Lansing who made the suggestion a short time ago that the Institute make a special study of neutral rights and neutral duties. The declaration in some sort may be said to derive from that suggestion.

The Institute is composed of one hundred and five members. Practically all of the countries of Europe are represented in the organization by one or more members, but these members had no right to vote upon this particular declaration. Some of them would have had to do so "with their fingers crossed," tongues in cheeks. The resolution starts out by asserting practically for nations the rights that the Declaration of Independence asserts for individuals. It says that these rights can be stated in terms of international law and applied to the relations of the members of the society of nations one with another, just as they have been applied in the relations of the citizens or subjects of the states forming the society of nations. Every nation has the right to exist, and to protect and to conserve its existence; the right of independence and the freedom to develop itself without interference or control from other nations; the right of equality in law and before the law; the right to territory within definite boundaries and to exclusive jurisdiction therein, and the right to the observance of these fundamental rights. The general principles are stated in five brief paragraphs and then those paragraphs are enlarged upon and exemplified. While every nation has the right to exist and to conserve its existence, that right neither implies the right nor justifies the act of the state to protect itself or to conserve its existence by the commission of unlawful acts against innocent and unoffending states. Every nation likewise exercises its right to independence without interference or control from other states, providing it does not interfere with or violate the just rights of other states. Every nation has the right "to assume among the Powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and nature's God entitle them." So nations have the right to definite boundaries, and the right to have that right and jurisdiction respected by other nations.

These are general statements of course and subject to a criticism which must be perfectly apparent from the beginning. The declaration of right, for instance, as to boundaries is one which is subject to immediate objection just as is the declaration of an individual's natural rights. Boundaries as they exist are human contrivances made for human needs, or perhaps for human greeds, and subject to revision by the forces, good or bad, which may temporarily obtain ascendancy in the opinion of the people. If it is declared that under the provisions of this document such a thing as the invasion of Belgium by Germany or the invasion of Greece, constructively, by the Allies would be impossible, it may be answered that nothing in the declaration definitely prevents any one of the signatory nations treating the doctrine as "a scrap of paper" or an agreement to be put aside under pressure of Necessity. There exists no power to enforce adherence to these principles. At any time the spirit may prompt in South America some greater state may move upon some lesser state, and so far as this declaration is concerned, none of the signatories is committed to defence of the lesser nation against the aggression of the greater. This document is in the nature of a counsel of perfection. It has the same merit in a somewhat larger way that the absurd and fissiparous Ford peace expedition had. It calls attention to a desire for peace, but it mani-

feats nothing of the admirable disposition of Mr. Buck Fanshaw to obtain peace even if he had to fight for it.

I cannot see how this *pronunciamento* can have more than an academic bearing upon the conditions set forth by Mr. Walter Lippman in "The Stakes of Diplomacy," in which he shows that the very existence of the smaller nations is a temptation to the larger ones to attempt to exploit them. Mr. Lippman suggests an international commission, or conference to prevent such exploitation, but conferences end in compromises and compromises result in "balances of power" and in irritation, which finally bring about war. The Algeiras conference was supposed to have put off war forever and the Balkan conference in London was similarly supposed to inaugurate the millennium, but the conditions in Europe to-day are the outgrowth of both those well-meant attempts to establish peace by treaty and concession.

This new Bill of Rights is all very well, but who is to enforce it? South America has always resented this country's implied protectorate over the nations of that continent. Tremendous foreign interests, English and German, are working in South America and they may very easily bring about through their activity a trade war with the United States, the outcome of which may possibly be a real war. If the war breaks out, what provision is there in the new Bill of Rights that will enable the signatory Powers to bring to bear any influence which the belligerently disposed Powers will consider when once the crisis has come? They will sneer at the suggestion of an Areopagus. When the beautiful generalities of this new declaration are brought down to individual instances the result is almost as ridiculous as is the conclusion one reaches after comparing the high-sounding sentiments of the Declaration of Independence with the condition of the American people politically, socially and economically to-day. One may admit all these rights as declared by the Institute of International Law and yet feel and know that these rights will disappear and be as nothing if they are not asserted and defended by force.

The Bill of Rights needs at least a sixth section which will provide for an internationally supported navy and, probably, an army. This international force for the keeping of the peace would be very expensive because it would have to be large enough to be effective against the strongest Power on earth. It might be paid for through some system of general contribution from taxes, such as is outlined in Josiah Royce's very interesting book, in which he sets forth a programme for applying the methods of insurance against war. Until something such as this is done this declaration which is so enthusiastically received by the press and people of the United States will amount to nothing. The natural rights of smaller nations will be of about as much practical use and protection against invasion or absorption as the natural rights of the individual in this country are against the aggressions of the corporations and the plutocracy on the one hand, and against the tyrannies of bigoted and shallow majorities on the other. In short, after we have hailed with rejoicing this new International Bill of Rights, we must cool off a bit and realize that for its maintenance there must be an international preparedness, a power of all the Powers—not the intangible opinion so much valued by Bismarck—that will be great enough to put the fear of God into the heart of a Germany, a Great Britain, a Russia or a United States, when it acts against the little peoples.

The American Short Story

By W. M. R.

LITERARY America is familiar with the work of William Stanley Braithwaite in the preparation and presentation of his annual review and anthology of American poetry in the columns of the *Boston Transcript*. It would be difficult to estimate the high value of that work in the promotion of the art of song. The reading public is not so familiar, however, with another annual feature of the *Transcript*, contributed by Mr. Edward J. O'Brien, in the form of an annual review of the short fiction printed in the periodicals and newspapers of this country.

Mr. O'Brien's review for 1915 appeared in the *Transcript* on January 8. His article of more than a page asserts triumphantly the leadership of Americans over their English brethren in the short story. There is no short-story writing in England to amount to anything. Once in a while there is a piece of fine work in the *London Nation*, or the *New Witness*, but most British periodicals are barren in this respect. Over here we have carried the art of Poe to a high degree of general excellence. Perhaps in the matter of the long novel the English men and women writers surpass us. Such critics as Edward Garnett and Owen Wister have bewailed this inferiority in the novel, although Henry Sydnor Harrison, Robert Herrick and even William Dean Howells and Henry M. Alden have stood up nobly for the merit in our performance in the larger portraiture of American life. It requires no argument to prove that the writing of a good short story requires at least much more intensified and careful art than the more leisurely method of the novel. American fiction is strongest in the short story because of temperamental economic determinism; we haven't the time to read the long fiction, so why waste time writing it?

During the past year Mr. O'Brien has read over two thousand American short stories, studying them carefully from every angle, and he declares that the result is to make him more lastingly hopeful of our literary future. "There is a fresh living current in the air." He has tested these short stories, first by their substance, and second by the measure of success with which the artists have shaped that substance into the most satisfying forms. Out of these twenty-two hundred short stories from last year's files of forty-six magazines and newspapers, he has made an interesting collection. With his percentage tables showing the proportion of good fiction carried in the newspapers and magazines, the public is not particularly concerned. But it is interesting to know that *The Bellman*, published by William C. Edgar at Minneapolis, ranks very high in the list of contributions especially worthy of the critic's attention. *Collier's Weekly* and the *Illustrated Sunday Magazine* likewise make a good showing compared with the larger monthly magazines, which make a more impressive display because of their more extensive attention to fiction. Mr. O'Brien found that there were in the twenty-two hundred short stories, six hundred and eighty-three which might be regarded as above the average, two hundred and sixty-nine with a somewhat higher distinction, and ninety-one of more or less permanent literary value. He lists all these stories printed in all the periodicals that he has studied. His roll of honor of ninety-one stories includes a few from the pens of Englishmen like Algernon Blackwood and John Galsworthy. Likewise there are a few translations of distinction. Out of this

list of ninety-one Mr. O'Brien selects the five best stories of the year, in his opinion. These are as follows:

- "Zelig." By Benjamin Rosenblatt. *The Bellman*.
- "Ultima Thule." By John Galsworthy. *The Delineator*.
- "The Friends." By Stacy Aumonier. *The Century*.
- "Jeanne the Maid." By Gordon Arthur Smith. *Scribner's*.
- "The Weaver Who Clad the Summer." By Harris Merton Lyon. *Illustrated Sunday Magazine*.

It will be observed that the chief honor is carried off not only by a new and unknown writer, but by a periodical not among the best known to the general public, though that is the public's, not the publication's, fault. *The Bellman* took honors also in Mr. Braithwaite's anthology of American verse for 1915. Readers of this paper will be pleased to observe among the five best a story by Mr. Harris Merton Lyon, whose writings have been a feature of the *MIRROR* for some years. Mr. O'Brien says of the story which he places first that it is "by all odds the most nobly conceived and finely wrought story of the year." He says, in fact, that it is "even more satisfying as a report of life" than Conrad Richter's "Brothers of No Kin," to which he awarded the first prize in his anthology for 1914. St. Louisans will be pleased to know that Miss Fannie Hurst of this city comes in for especial mention for the excellence of her fiction. He says, what I said in these columns long before Miss Hurst became famous, that she is "a worthy successor of O. Henry." He picks out one new short-story writer whose work opens up a new field of fiction and "has a richness of feeling and imagination rare in our over-sophisticated literature." This is Seumas O'Brien, the fabulist. Other writers singled out for honors are: Catherine Fullerton Gerould, Wilber Daniel Steele and Lincoln Colcord. Coming around again to the work of Fannie Hurst Mr. O'Brien reaffirms its genuine literary art, asserts "the absolute fidelity of her dialogue to life and its revealing spirit, not despite, but rather because of the vulgarities she accepts." It seems to him that the permanence of her best work is assured. Harry B. Kennon's *MIRROR* sketch, "The North Window," a mere thumb-nail, is in Mr. O'Brien's first winnowing. Lincoln Colcord and Rupert Hughes are declared to be artists in the short story with a growing power and mastery of their medium.

If it was hard for Mr. O'Brien to pick the best story of the year it does not appear to have been at all difficult to choose the worst one. In fact he says that it seems necessary to call attention to one story "so monumentally inane that it is funny." Unreservedly he declares that "War," by W. B. Trites, published in the *Saturday Evening Post*, is easily the worst story ever published in a distinguished magazine. It is only about two years ago that Mr. Trites was hailed as a new genius of the English novel. It is to be hoped that Mr. O'Brien has not awarded him the booby prize in any spirit of Chauvinism. If a few years ago, says Mr. O'Brien, we had no faith in our poetry and were afraid of enthusiasm as not being good form, and if the condition of the American short story was generally admitted by some critics to be worse, the situation has now changed. Our short stories are more vital than English short stories, just as our contemporary poetry is more vital than English poetry.

Mr. O'Brien's review constitutes a powerful argument and demonstration against the contentions of James Stephens, the "Crock o' Gold" Irishman, who has recently accused us

of negative achievement in story writing and has denied us any literary distinction. Lovers of short fiction who are continually on the search for "something to read" cannot do better than secure Mr. O'Brien's review. They will get the cream of the magazines in this particular milking for the short story. Mr. O'Brien will reprint most of these best stories in a book to be called "The Best Short Stories of 1915 and Year Book of American Fiction."

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Out of Oregon

By W. M. R.

OUT in Portland, which is in the State of Oregon, home of W. S. U'Ren, national political, social and economic experiment station, there's a mighty fine and dandy daily newspaper, the which is named *The Oregon Journal*. It is one of the three or four Single Tax daily newspapers in the world, and it has a whole lot of sense about other things, too, as why shouldn't it, seeing that its editor is Mr. Charles H. Jackson. It is not a one-eyed, or one-sided newspaper, either, and it is run on a theory that the great masses of people do not think with their bellies or their pocketbooks, but are interested in things and thoughts of beauty and—so forth. On this paper there is a young man named Rex Lampman, with a head that bulges both back and forward of the ears, a tip-tilted nose, a sensitive and reticent chin, a stray lock of hair that hangs down over a forehead that rises from his eyebrows like the beetling back of a limousine, and he wears an artist's tie like Elbert Hubbard used to wear, and he runs a "colyum" on the editorial page called "Once Over." There's no more unique—that's all right if Shakespeare's "most unkindest" goes—"colyum" on any paper in the United States or Europe or "by the long wash of Australasian seas." This lampadophorian colyumist has invented a new thing in writing—a sort of cross between the musical repetitiveness of Horace Traubel's "Collects" in *The Conservator*, the free verse of Lee Masters, the chants of Ossian and—oh, a whole lot of formless forms of writing. In this style he deals with any old thing that hits his fancy in his daily walk about Portland—a police item, a social function, a meeting of the town council, some world-event like Henry Ford's peace ship's trip. He tells about it and how it strikes him in a fashion of typography that is all his own, using the dash as a kind of caesura to mark a sort of rhythm somewhat, like *Hamlet*, scant o' breath. Sometimes Mr. Lampman gets poetry into and out of this form, oftener he simply gets over in it a point that penetrates the reader's mind and stirs up a thinking. He writes about the men and women of prominence, or notoriety, in Portland, like Eugene Field used to do in his "Sharns and Flats" in *The Daily News* of Chicago, handing out now a compliment and again a "josh" or a sharp criticism. Nothing that is human is foreign to him, and he makes big points out of little things. He uses small words and is stingy of rhetoric. You can't miss him; you've got to "get" him, if the stuff inside your "coco" is something other than lukewarm, stewed vermicelli. As a result, he does a lot of the thinking for all of Portland, Oregon, but I wouldn't want to be around to hear what Tom Mosher, the exquisite connoisseur in the bijouterie of bibelotry in the other Portland, across the country, in Maine, says of the Lampmaniacal lyrics, with their concluding "Listen" in place of the "L'Envoi" of the Langian and Dobsonian ballade. Lampman has got a lot of his things together in a booklet called "Once Over," which he sells

for "4 bits" and I can't help lifting a couple of them, just to show his new form.

TUESDAY AFTER-
NOON—about 1:30

—I saw the patrol wagon
—come around the corner—ding-dinging—and stop in the middle of the block—between Fourth and Fifth streets—on Alder.

—And I looked to see what was the matter.

—And on the curb—standing by a sheet-iron kettle—containing hot roasted chestnuts—

—was an old man—with white hair.

—And a policeman stood beside him.

—And two more policemen got out of the wagon.

—and they took the old man by his arms—

—and helped him up the steps—

—and put his kettle into the wagon after him.

—And the wagon drove off—to the police station.

—And I asked the policeman who stayed—what was the matter.

—And he said—"Selling without a license."

—And I walked on—thinking of the old man—

—and his white hair—

—and his kettle of chestnuts—

—and if he could get bail—

—and if at home—there was a white-haired woman—

—who waited for him.

—And if they had wood in the shed.

—and food in the house.

—and where their children were.

—And I wondered—why the old man—at his time of life—had chosen to sell chestnuts.

—standing all day long—in the cold and rain—

—with only the steam from his kettle—

—to warm him.

—And I decided he was not an eccentric millionaire.

—and that he wasn't doing it on a bet—

—or anything like that.

—And I looked up at the fine high buildings—

—and out in the street at the big shiny automobiles—purring by.

—And as one woman—got in her car—I caught the gleam of diamonds—at her throat.

—And I thought of all

THURSDAY MORN-
ING—I was going

along—up West Park street—under my own steam.

—and enjoying the morning.

—For there was a blue light back of the hills.

—and the leaves danced down—like golden butterflies—through the still air—

—which seemed—like it had been made over new—during the night.

—And of course—I was going some place—for the esteemed city editor.

—And just a block north of the Lincoln high school—

—a Studebaker slid by me.

—and the boy who was driving—threw the levers—nonchalantly—

—and parked it—in front of the school.

—and slithered across the street.

—and went in.

—And around the corner—purred a Packard—with a slender youth at the helm—

—and he parked it—and straightened his tie—and crossed over—

—and went in.

—And before I got across the street—just north of the school—came a big Pierce-Arrow—with two boys in it.

—and they chucked their cigarettes—as they swung 'round the corner.

—and parked the big car—and crossed the street leisurely—

—and went in.

—And there came others—in silent splendid chariots—and parked them—and crossed over—and went up the steps—into the big building.

—And I wondered—what could be going on—to bring all those fine cars—to the school house—so early in the morning.

—and I looked at my watch.

—and it was just 9 o'clock.

—and I began to suspect something.

—And the more I thought of it—the surer I was—that those young men—had come to school—in those cars.

—And it seemed to me—I had discovered—what might be called—education de luxe.

—And I thought of the name of the school—and

the wealth—of this splendid city.

—and of the millionaires—it has made.

—and of the money it spends—in grills—and theatres—and parties—and banquets.

—And I wondered—if there couldn't be some way—for the city to raise money—

—to maintain its police force—

—and pay its commissioners—

—and its other expenses—

—without making the old man pay a license fee—

—for selling chestnuts.

—And I thought of all the other barriers—against the man who tries to make a living—without asking someone—for a job.

—And I don't know what became of the old man.

—but it didn't seem right—to see him taken to jail.

—And of course—there may have been a crime committed—on Alder street—Tuesday afternoon—about 1:30—but—

—LISTEN—I saw what happened—and somehow—if there was—I don't believe—that the old man—with the chestnuts—was the guilty party.

of the man who made that name—worth giving to schools.

—and how he walked for miles—to borrow a book—to study.

—and how he read it—I think it was Pilgrim's Progress—which contains much hard walking—by the yellow light—of sputtering pine knots—on a rude hearth—in a backwoods cabin.

—And I remembered—how this boy thirsted—to know things.

—and how he learned them by hard work.

—And then I thought—of some of the things—that Lincoln said.

—and I almost forgot where I was going.

—And coming back—I stepped into the portico—of the high school.

—and looked at the bust of the man—whose life is a shining light—to the young men of America.

—the young men—on whom our nation must depend.

—and I found myself shaking my head.

—And I turned—to go outside.

—and there were the cars—parked across the street—and—

—LISTEN—To my lips—unbidden—with no one to hear—came the words—"It can't be done."

♦♦♦♦

La Zagala

By R. B. Cunningham Graham

I WENT once into the Cathedral of Burgos and paid to have the curtain drawn from before the figure of a most striking and realistic crucifix. Beside me stood a countryman dressed in his sheepskin coat, and with a blanket striped in brown and white over his shoulder; in his hand a staff. I saw him cross himself and fall upon his knees, whilst from his face ran drops of sweat. He gazed with the fixed eyes of faith, and as the curtain was whisked hurriedly across the crucifix, drawn by a bored, yet merry-looking acolyte, he rose again and murmured "It is finished." Perhaps, with the interior vision, he had seen the crucifixion, and had felt and suffered with his Lord. Again, it may have been he had felt nothing, and been but hypnotized by gazing on the Christ. Into these mysteries of the human soul the thinking man looks with reluctance, if he is wise, for it may be that looking, he may chance upon reflections in his own, which may surprise him, in despite of faith. But I, more lucky than my shepherd, or perhaps less lucky, for again the matter is one of the perspective of the mind, can say that at a theatre last night, here in this windswept, mud-brown village, capital that was of all the Spains, when the piece was over, not only did I say regretfully, "It is finished," but I wanted it straight to begin again. And yet perhaps it would not have appealed to everyone, because it had no moral precept to inculcate in the last act, after in the first three, the actors like unlicensed bridegrooms all had run their course. Religion seems to have left as an

inheritance to its half-sister chill morality, that in the last act of our lives all should be strictly done within the limits of its law. And thus it seems that we have merely, as is usual, changed one collar for another, but have remained essentially the selfsame dogs. But in the theatre of which I write, laws were made merely to be broken, and serve as counsels of perfection, and quietly and bitterly, just as in life itself, the story was unrolled.

In the bare theatre, devoid of accessories, and decorated but by the ingenious installation of electric light, decked out in toilets which apparently were made on purpose for trans-Pyrenean use, and with their coal-black hair set thick with specious-looking diamonds, sat hard-eyed ladies, with their full busts bulging beyond the fronts of boxes. All were full armed with fans, as if each one had come to judge the world. But if the ladies in the boxes with their attendant men appeared as if they were but part and portion of a play in which they took the part of ladies and of gentlemen, the sovereign people in the gallery took the reproach away.

Well are they called in Spain the brazen folk (*gente del bronce*) and "los Morenos," for all were dark and many of them, through want of washing and with the glare of sun and burning of the fierce Castilian wind, shone bright as brass itself. Short and square-built, with eyes that twinkled merrily, something between the twinkling of the eyes of jockeys and of monkeys, their faces shaved but once a week and for the most part set in a stubble of black wire, their flat, white hats from Cordoba or blue, Basque caps formed as it were an aureole of rascalism.

Naturally, knowing nothing on any subject under heaven, they were critical of all. Actors and actresses, the piece, the theatre, the ladies in the stalls, the Government, all had their turn, and upon each and all they gave their absurd opinions, formed with much native quickness but without intelligence, just as a woman glancing at a horse sees at the first sight that it is a jade, but has no power to give her reasons words, or as a monkey looking at a nut sees at the first glance that it is rotten at the heart.

In rows they sat as thick as gulls upon a rock, their cloaks thrown back, their thin, brown fingers colored orange at the tips from the eternal cigarette, the only fire of Vesta never extinguished in the Spains. Their women in the mass were handsome, strong and even harder-eyed than were their sisters in the stalls. Their hair piled up in masses, or parted in the middle, half concealed their eyes, and the white powder daubed upon their cheeks dusted their brows, encroaching on their heads, so that the face and air melted together in a coat of white. At first sight one divined the realistic view, both of the stalls and gallery, and it was faithfully set forth upon the stage.

The hard, white light, brown land and wind-swept hills, the meandering rivers dry in the summer and in the winter torrents, the mixture of the Arab with the Goth, the Roman, and the Carthaginian cross, with garnishing of gipsy and of Jew, have all contributed to the material point of view.

The authors of the play, descendants by the right divine of genius from the great unknown writer who evolved the curious masterpiece of choice Castilian known as "La Celestina," had set forth as in a spectroscope the very pith and marrow of the life of Spain. Homelike, and biblical, and seasoned with the salt of Betica, it formed a southern complement to the plays of Ibsen, in its simplicity and truth.

In a huge, sparsely furnished house, somewhere near Seville, lived an hidalgo, who must have been descended from the Ingenious Gentleman, he of the running greyhound, the bold ferret, and the horse who had more corners than had a real from the mint of Potosi. Tall, grey, and upright, all his delight was in his horse and land, and all the world to him was full of people eager to do good, if they but got the chance. Withal no fool in things that appertain to daily life. In speech and dress precise; sober in diet and for morality a bar of steel.

His wife having died whilst on a journey, for some strange notion of saving pain to his two daughters, he had concealed her death.

With various excuses and a wealth of lying letters only to be excused to conscience by the idea of doing good, he kept the fraud alive. At last his eldest daughter married, and the younger went on a visit to her, leaving their father, lonely, with his servants and his horse. Still he wrote on, and always held out hopes of his dead wife's return.

Into the Andalusian Eden glided all unawares the female snake, creeping about the heart of the hidalgo after the fashion of its prototype of old.

She was a country girl, and her entry with her father, a stupid and yet humorous Andalusian clown, appeared quite natural, as she came to take a servant's place, left vacant by a death.

The solitary gentleman had a mania that all his servants in the evening should come into the drawing-room and learn to read and write. This led to intimacy, and by degrees to love. But still the simple gentleman would not confess it even to himself.

Then came upon the scene a rough Asturian miller, one Polanco, whom in his loneliness the modern Quixote had invited to his house. He and his dog Veneno soon overran the place, the latter sleeping on the hidalgo's bed, the former talking and laughing with the maids. One day he pinched the Zagala (the new maid), and then her master found out what had been passing in his heart. He instantly boxed Polanco's ears, and turned him and his dog Veneno out of doors. He went, protesting that his expulsion left a bad savour in his mouth.

Next came the hesitations of a man of feeling and of sense, described with humor and with pathos, and at last a secret marriage, and a brief interval of transient happiness. Then one by one his servants leave him, some from jealousy of their old comrade, and others, as the old nurse who brought his children up, out of respect for the remembrance of his wife.

As the old nurse went out, carrying her bundle, Spanish fashion, in a towel, the soul of the Zagala for the first time awakened into life. Till then she had accepted, in the Eastern way, life, love, and everything as fate. But then she suddenly became alive, and screamed impressively, "Go call her back." Then doubts assailed her, and she thought that she had been a traitor; but her old father came to visit her, and her pride in her smart clothes and jewelry stilled, for the moment, all her qualms.

Her father is astonished, smells her pocket handkerchief, touches her flounces timidly, and is delighted when she tells him "she is all lace inside." Then in the whimsical, half-stupid manner of his kind, says, "I feel half ashamed to be your father," which she takes as he had meant it, for a compliment.

But in the village where the drama passes, news of the marriage soon had filtered out. None would believe it, and Polanco, with his dog, determines to deliver up himself a victim on the altar of his friendship, and to learn the truth. He comes, is well received, and when he learns the truth is thunder-struck.

In vain the poor hidalgo tries to make Polanco understand that he has tried to act, if foolishly, still like a Christian and a gentleman. By the inexorable logic of a commercial world, Polanco shows him that he has brought ruin upon himself and misery upon the daughters whom he loves, and probably upon the girl whom he has taken to his heart.

Indignantly he asks Polanco, "Would you not have acted in the same manner as I did?" and gets the answer, "I—I should have acted in a very different way."

Just as they are about to quarrel, comes a letter from his daughter saying she and her husband have returned from Italy, and will be with him in an hour. It seems they think the mother is at home. Then for the first time all the significance of his action rises before his eyes. How can he meet his daughters, and present them instead of the long longed-for mother, a young servant girl?

The Zagala overhears him, and is mad with terror, and threatens then and there to run away.

The daughters come, and then taking the elder one aside, he tells her of his pious fraud and after tears obtains her pardon; but he knows that there can be no pardon for the next action that he must confess. Days pass, and by degrees the daughters slowly begin to feel all is not right. Then they ask for the nurse who brought them up, and hear she is at home living alone in a small cottage in a village near at hand. The eldest goes and sees her, learns the truth, and comes back heartbroken. Still though, she doubts, until by accident she sees her father kiss his wife. At last her love prevails, and she forgives her father, and agrees to take the younger sister off and keep the truth from her. They go, and the poor father is left desolate.

He naturally turns to his wife for comfort, misses her; grows uneasy; searches the house, the terrace; rushes out to the garden calling upon her name. You hear him in the orange grove, and from the eyes of all the "brazen people" in the gallery real tears drop. They make their way through paint upon the faces of ladies in the boxes and the stalls. The theatre suffers and weeps, as if each man and woman lived the agony upon the stage. Lastly the poor hidalgo rushes back again, and in a moment, takes it in, and stands turned to a pillar of salt grief.

Then cloaks are flung across the mouth, women tie highly coloured shawls under their chins, ladies throw furs about their powdered shoulders, and the audience, holding their handkerchiefs before their mouths, for it is good to take precautions in the subtle air, stream out into the night.

♦♦♦♦

A Million Dead

By Tom Glenday

ALAMENT for a million dead—
Victims of war—
Dead on battlefields,

In hospitals,
In trenches,
In ditches,
In rivers,
In the seven seas,
In charred houses,
In deserted bed chambers,
In churches,
Vast silences of death, after unutterable agonies.
A gigantic threnody—
I tried to voice it—
Muted strings of pain,
The infinite pathos,
The heart of a world bleeding tears.
I thought of one dead;
The stillness and the pall,
The sobs and the tears,
The broken threads;
Threads of love,
Threads of hope,
Threads of promise,
Epitome of all tragedy;
The boy radiant with life,
A mangled shape fattening worms;
The sundered Links—
Father, mother, sister, brother;
The curtained home,
The vacant place,
Where sits the phantom of eternal youth,
Smiling at death;
The lover and the yearning arms that press a shadow;
The father and the shattered house-tree.
I multiplied one by a million,
And I saw myriads of black specks,
Heaped on a field of poison—
Flies—human flies.
I laughed in scorn of death:
It is commonplace,
An incident of battles
Expressed in numbers and lists.

Let

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Letters From the People

A View of Women

St. Louis, Jan. 23, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I am a railroad man, and I want to call your attention to a thing which is peculiar.

For thirty years I've been here. In that time it seems to me I've seen 30,000 railroad men come here to take rather important jobs on big roads. They have been men who were well up in the business—men of good big salaries. Most of them have been shifted about from one position to another, from one road to another, from one city to another, all their lives. They come bringing families.

And most of them bought homes here—only to be transferred or promoted to some other field of effort. They have had to sell those homes.

Now some of them had bought homes in other cities and had sold them to come here. They knew that they were of an ephemeral stay anywhere, but they bought homes.

I asked them often why they did it. They always replied that they had to do it, that the women always insisted upon "a home of their own," and had their way about it.

There isn't a man of them didn't know he was likely to flit at any time; that he'd have to sell his home probably at a loss; but he "fell for" the home of his own, just the same.

Woman is the home-maker. Woman wants a *pièd-à-terre*. Woman wants a piece of land. It is woman who makes man land-crazy. She wants something she can see.

If you hope ever to bring your "buggy" Single Tax into operation, you'll have to get the women to "see the cat," as you so often put it.

In fact, most men, if they had their way, wouldn't own anything; they would not save anything. Ask any "plute" and he'll tell you that but for his wife he wouldn't have had a dollar to his name.

It is women who are the back-bone of the economic system. Give them the ballot and they will vote solidly for "propputy" every time, against all proposed changes. "Propputy" is back of the social distinctions women love. Don't fool yourself. The woman vote is not going to be as progressive as you think it is.

JOHN J. CLAWBAR.

A Poet on Poetry

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

When I am so fortunate as to find a nickel wherewith to buy the MIRROR, I find invariably something of enthrallment in its pages. If I have any objection to the MIRROR it is that the magazine is somewhat too highbrow, apparently being intended for that "educated minority" of which Mr. Percy Chubb spoke in a recent ethical effort.

But REEDY'S MIRROR of January 21—which, by the way, is to-morrow, this being the 20th—is unusually delectable, since it contains Mr. John L. Hervey's highly humorous, and yet serious, consideration of Miss Amy Lowell's brand of "free verse."

I had not dared to hope that REEDY'S

MIRROR ever would permit or admit such delightful castigating of "Sword Seeds and Poppy Blades" (perhaps the title is mixed, but so also are the "verses"), and I assure you that my surprise was acute, though agreeable.

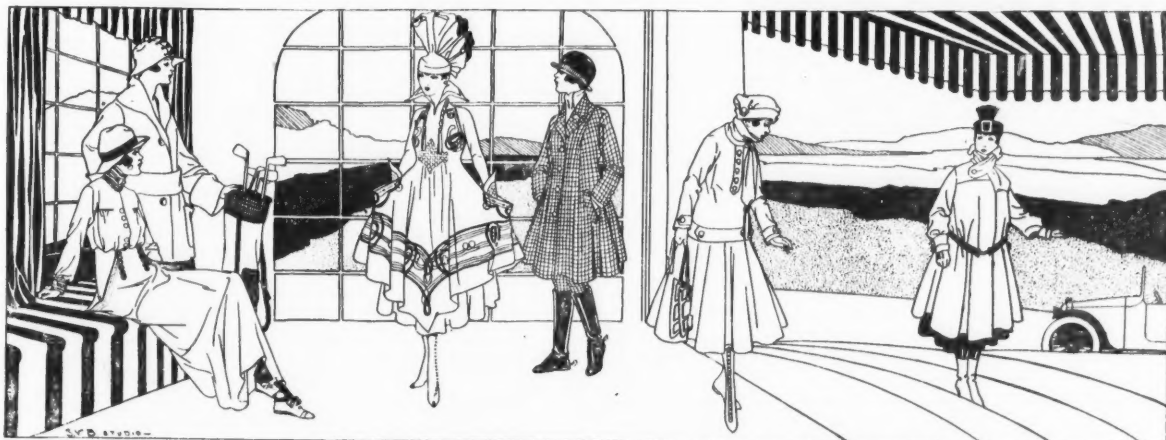
Lord God! Let's get back to poetry some of these days and stick to it. I am reminded of what Mr. W. B. Yeats said some time ago: "One may read Tennyson, but one cannot admire him." All the stuff Yeats ever evolved is not worth ten lines clipped at random out of Tennyson, as poetry *per se*. "The new school of poetry." Hell! Do poets swim in schools, like porpoises or minnows? Write what is in you, get it out of you, regardless of "schools" or mutual kiss-me-kiss-you associations, and by the Seven Gods of War or the Nine Muses maybe you'll evolve some poetry.

Still, as a piece of delectable humor, the bunk quoted from Miss Lowell's stiff brocaded skirt stuff is paramount.

ROBERTUS LOVE.

In the Mud, St. Louis County.

New Apparel and Millinery for Sports and Winter Resort Wear



Above Illustrations Show Some of These New Garments

Any woman who is contemplating a trip South, or to California, and who needs new and correct apparel, will find—at Vandervoort's—a most complete display of every kind of Garment and Hat that she will require for Winter Resort Wear, or for any kind of sports.

Come in to-morrow and inspect our special display, which includes the following:

**Lingerie Frocks—Linen Tailleur Frocks—Afternoon Costumes
Dinner and Dance Frocks—Spring Coats for All Occasions
Spring Suits of Taffeta, Faille, Gros de Londres, Gabardine, etc.
Misses' Spring Suits, Dresses and Coats of Every Kind
Women's Hats for Traveling, Sports and General Outdoor Wear
Women's and Misses' Sweaters and Sweater Coats, Including
Imported Angora Sweater Coats and All-Silk-Knit Jersey Sweaters
and Sports Clothing of Every Description**

Third Floor.

One of the Finest Exhibits of Rare and Valuable Books St. Louis Has Seen is Now Being Made in Our New Auditorium, Sixth Floor. Your Inspection is Invited.



Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney

OLIVE and LOCUST from NINTH to TENTH

The Best Goods for the Price no Matter What the Price

A Too Quick Despairer

Washington, D. C., Jan. 21, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I am profoundly affected by the present-day mental and moral attitude of the American people in the mass.

A democratic form of government such as ours is, in its conception, the most ideal form possible. To realize it in its perfection requires an ideal patriotism. This of course being merely human we cannot have, but patriotism in a rather marked degree we must have.

As I see it, American patriotism has been on a constantly descending scale since 1783 and has been most rapid since the Civil War. Each individual American has been completely absorbed in his own personal welfare and is wholly apathetic and indifferent to the public welfare.

As a result, we see our public and administrative offices filled with men who never rise above the mediocre except in extremely rare instances. Thievery and corruption are so common as

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to be regarded as inseparable from political office.

In the legislatures of the forty-eight States there is not a single honest one.

There is not an honestly administered municipal government in the country.

The chief end and aim of every member of Congress, Senate and House alike, is the Pork Barrel. For all of this the people are solely to blame. They could change every bit of it if they desired. But they do not desire! There is the hopeless feature of it.

In addition to the complete apathy of American-born citizens we have the crass ignorance of the recently imported citizens. In the last twenty years we have brought in over twenty millions of them—every fifth individual in this

country is substantially an alien! They have no conception of the aims and purposes of republican institutions and are here purely on a dollar and cent basis. If, therefore, they can sell their votes they have a certain source of income.

Beside all this, we have ten million negroes who are only half human.

One-third of our body politic, therefore, is incapable of intelligently employing its civic rights and the other two-thirds don't care.

What's the answer? How long can we keep going?

I confess I look with admiring, even longing, eyes on the admirable patriotism and the resulting marvelous efficiency of the Germans. Don't you believe that the human race still needs strong centralized government for the development of its highest efficiency and happiness? Isn't a democracy still far above and beyond the capacity of mankind in the mass? I fear we are demonstrating it and I am oppressed with the thought.

ESEEPEE.

[Cheer up! Take another look! Or a blue mass pill. Don't believe all you see in the yellow press or all you hear one set of political "outs" say about the "ins." Don't be a Knownothing. Ask of the school teachers, of the library assistants about the immigrant's and the immigrant's children's ideals. German patriotism and efficiency are fine—yes, and again yes. But isn't liberty better than efficiency and is not conservation or reclamation or child-welfare work as patriotic as soldiering? There's more honesty than dishonesty everywhere. Don't give up the ship!—Editor of the MIRROR.]

Encyclopedic Bunko

Chicago, Jan. 21, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Your raps at the deal given the public in *Encyclopedia Britannica* are just what is needed. That is one of the nerviest pieces of "literary" promotion that has ever been pulled off—I allude to the entire scheme, from the preliminary parade before the main circus performance down to the present side-show.

The "Handy" edition is rather a slick business trick, but the other edition of which the Handy is a cheap replica was worse. Prof. Zueblin, I recall, showed up the deficiencies of the bigger book—things it did not contain, errors it did contain. A study of it would reveal it as a colossal monument of literary and compilational ineptitude. It was probably the worst, the most valueless—if you'll pardon what looks like an oxymoron—of all the issues of the *Britannica*. And the India paper there's so much blow about—it's just what is not wanted in a book of continual reference.

Think of the old *Enc. Britt.* exploited by a mail-order house! Oh, but Julius Rosenwald, who heads Sears, Roebuck & Co., is a philanthropist; he wouldn't do anything wrong; he's making all knowledge accessible to all the people. Philanthropy is all right, if you think so, but it doesn't go with "seconds." It was Julius Rosenwald, you'll remember, who said that starvation wages

had nothing to do with the question, "Why do some working girls go wrong?" He has some seven thousand girl employees who do not get the minimum wage recommended by Barrett O'Hara's Illinois Senatorial Investigating Committee. Julius has had other distinction, about a questioned return upon his taxable property, or some such thing. The publishers of the *Britannica* and Julius Rosenwald would seem to be another case of *par nobile fratrem*.

What I can't understand is why the *New York Nation*, which should know about books and book values, accepts and prints the "Handy" advertisement. If the *Nation* doesn't, it should know what the other, larger edition was. Prof. Zueblin could have told the *Nation* a great deal about it. I notice its second "Handy" advertisement cuts out all the boost stuff there was in the first—just announcing where the book may be bought.

The MIRROR deserves credit for calling attention to the big, the colossal "bunk" of the *Encyclopedia* advertising, not only now, but before. The nobility of the book and the dignity of the book-trade are brought low indeed these days.

BIBLIOPATH.

Another Cyclopedic Graft

Washington, D. C., Jan. 23, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I am interested in your condemnation of the *Britannica* and you deserve the thanks of all the victims of those smooth publishers. I wish that the spirit might powerfully move you to follow up with one of your trenchant paragraphs about another offender, the *Catholic Encyclopedia*. Conde Pallen, of your city, is one of the editors. The book surely made a good killing in St. Louis at the first price \$69, or \$102, including the last volume, the Index.

I dropped into a neighbor's the other day and was shown an excellent edition in cloth of a lighter tint than the first, just as well printed and the entire edition, including the Index, was \$29.

As in the case of the *Britannica*, the first subscribers were assured they were getting a bargain, that the set would never again be sold so cheap. Likewise they were assured of the Apostolic benediction, and maybe that counted for the surplus dollars. I am not informed whether the \$29 edition carries the Apostolic benediction. It is called "The Knights of Columbus edition" and presumably is sold to none except mem-

bers of that order, but in reality, as I tested, is sold to any paying the price aforesaid. You can see the edition, (worth very little to any except theologians and they filled its pages with excerpts from previously printed books of their own) in any library. I bought the first edition for \$96, would not buy the Index, and whenever I have to look up anything of importance I must refer to the British encyclopedia.

M. B. D.

Patience Still "Putting"

Berkley, Cal., Jan. 20, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Why can't we have more of Patience Worth and her words and works? What has become of the charming spook?

EIDOLON.

[Patience is still "putting" away at her long narrative, "A Sorry Tale," which by now has run to about 110,000 words and has enough action and incident to satisfy any addict of the "thriller." Recently she stopped her put on this and started a weave on another story which opens up with a veritistic depiction of a seventeenth century drinking bout in an inn. This has touches that are Falstaffian.

The February Furniture Sale

Now in Progress at Famous-Barr Co.
Gives You Choice of Every Piece
of Furniture In Our Stock
at Exactly



Our entire stock of dependable furniture is involved in this helpful event. To make this sale of even greater magnitude our stocks have been augmented by recent large and very profitable purchases of furniture from leading factories which have arrived and have been marked at their normal worth and these also will be subjected in this sale to a uniform discount of 25 per cent.

Our liberal plan of deferred payments is extended on purchases made during this sale as at all other times.

Those desiring to take advantage of this sale and have goods delivered at a future date may arrange to have purchases held a reasonable time.

Charge purchases on furniture will appear on February statements, payable in March.

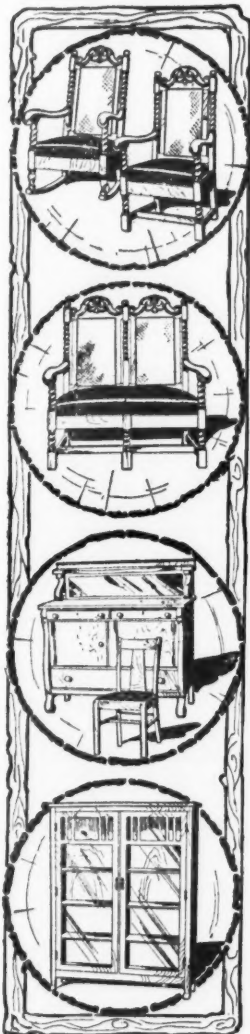
The above discount of 1/4 will be deducted at the time of purchase.

Fourth Floor.

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ENTIRE BLOCK: OLIVE, LOCUST, SIXTH AND SEVENTH STS.

We Give Eagle Stamps and Redeem Full Books for \$2 in Cash or \$2.50 in Merchandise—Few Restricted Articles Are Expected.



Someone sent Patience a spinning-wheel and she said she wanted a cat. One was procured, a most emaciated specimen. When the cat was brought in to a sitting, the ouija board gave the message, "Lawk! A wraith of a cat for a wraith of a dame." And when it developed that the cat was a Tom instead of a Tabby, Patience sent over the message, "I asked me for a bobbin and I get me a needle." Patience is still active. One evening the Curran house-dog coming into the parlor the editor of the MIRROR suggested that the dog be placed at the ouija board opposite Mrs. Curran, and Patience said, "I do not to put me a dog's patter but there be donkey's hoofs on the board afore." —Editor of the MIRROR.]

♦♦♦

Success in Insurance

Some months ago this town was greatly edified by the capture of a number of men described as the "torches" of the so-called "arson trust." And in the rounding out of the newspaper stories there was brought into the limelight—in a most undesirable way—an individual name identical with the name of one of the oldest and most successful of the insurance agencies of St. Louis. Unhappily for the men who had given their lives to the building up of the agency business there remained an impression in the public mind that the Bersch Insurance Agency was in some way to be identified with the work of the so-called "arson trust," and it may well be believed that the members of the Bersch Agency felt that they were badly treated and the highly respectable business that had been built up through many years of effort was jeopardized. But in the event, it would appear, the Bersch Agency is rather better off in the end for the undesirable publicity it was given at the time of the capture of the alleged firebugs.

For the big companies represented by the Bersch Agency were more concerned than any other person or institution in case there was an "arson trust"—and that without regard to who was involved in that iniquitous enterprise. It is not to be doubted that they bestirred themselves to get at all the facts in the case and they would have been—and no doubt are—active in pursuing the persons accused of or inculpated in the destruction of insured property. And all of the companies represented by the Bersch Agency indicated their complete confidence in the agency, its responsibility and integrity, by continuing the Bersches in their agency. And these include some very important companies, now, as formerly, represented by the Bersch Agency. These companies include the Buffalo German Insurance, the Netherlands F. & L., the Nord-Deutsch Insurance Company, the Williamsburgh City Fire Insurance Company, Old Colony Insurance Company, St. Paul Fire & Marine Insurance Company, Arizona Fire Insurance Company, United States Fire Insurance Company and the Atlas Insurance Company.

The Bersch Insurance Agency is authorized to announce that it retains the agency of all these companies. There could scarcely be a better proof of the confidence of big business, in the in-

tegrity of any company and of the individual members who manage it, than that which is given through the retention of these agencies by the Bersch Company. The companies represented by the Bersch Agency cover the entire field of fire, tornado, automobile, liability and plate glass insurance and they stand for many millions in capital; and the assurance they have given the members of the Bersch Agency of the complete confidence they have in them should utterly wipe out from the public mind the wrong impression that might have been left at the time of the so-called "arson trust" scandal. The agency is old in its establishment; it carries a very large line of business, in which it has not suffered at all, but its officers believe that not only its customers of long standing, but the public at large should be informed of these assurances of confidence that have been given it by the great companies it continues to represent.

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Ethical Kultur

By William H. Seed

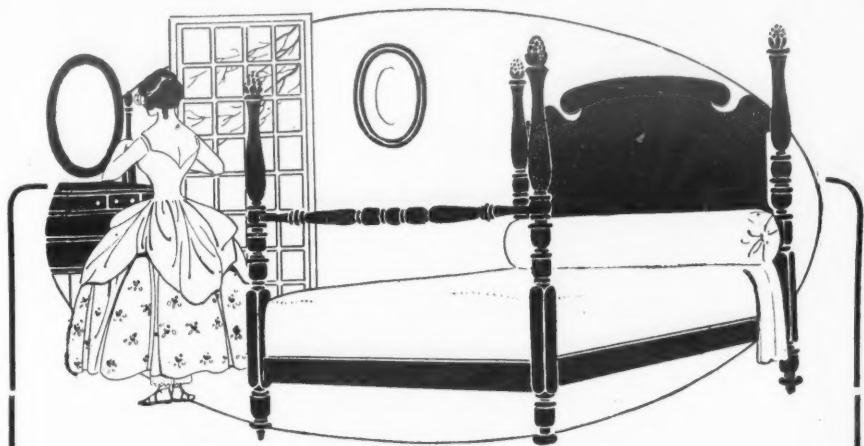
"Criticism of Life; Studies in Faith, Hope, and Despair." By Horace J. Bridges. (Houghton Mifflin Co. Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass. \$1.50)

Mr. Bridges is the leader of the Chicago Ethical Society and a disciple of Dr. Stanton Coit, at whose feet he was sitting when I first made his acquaintance in London, some years ago. In dedicating his book to Dr. Coit, he refers to him as "my spiritual father," and it is not surprising, therefore, that I seem to hear the voice of Coit though the pen may be that of Bridges. (I believe that St. Louis' own Percival Chubb was once of this London group, a little tinct with a diluted Socialism, even an associate of George Bernard Shaw.) I am a little disappointed because I had hoped, I do not quite know why, to find that the disciple had proved at least a little greater than his lord, as not infrequently happens. I feel compelled, willy-nilly, to appear unappreciative, though I could wish it were not so.

The Ethical movement is simply an attempt to demonstrate that when a rational examination of every existing system of theology has led us to disbelieve in them all, it is still possible to remain respectable. Ethicism is, in fact, the apothecy of respectability, and its appropriate symbols, visible wherever two or three ethicists are gathered together, are the silk hat and frock coat. Ethicists believe in the amazing delusion that there is a general standard of conduct, the result of ages of experimentation, and whosoever follows it will attain to the greatest satisfaction in this world and in the next also, should it turn out that there is any next. Of the myriad standards of conduct current in the world to-day they accept that of the middle class society in which they live as being the one which has survived the test of time, quite oblivious to the fact that it survives only among a particular class in America and Western Europe, and that it is subject to variations even in this comparatively limited area. It is not

nearly so old or so universally accepted as polygamy, and it can be no more deduced from general principles than the stiff starch and carefully creased trousers of those who exemplify it.

In the book under review Mr. Bridges displays all the usual characteristics of ethicism. He has to prove that agnosticism is as good, and may be as respectable, as orthodoxy of each and every kind. Orthodoxy gives us the phenomena of "conversion" whereby a man suddenly acquires what Dr. Coit calls "a burning personal vision" of a better kind of life than he has previously been leading. It is our author's task to "classify together, and explain by the same scientific formula, the religious experiences of Catholic Saints such as Augustine, Francis of Assisi, Francis of Sales, Catherine of Siena, Teresa; mystics like Meister Eckhardt; Protestant visionaries like Bunyan, Wesley, and George Fox; freethinkers like Shelley and John Stuart Mill; and Francis Thompson, whose poem, "The Hound of Heaven" provides a title and a text for his opening ethical sermon. Here our author is on common ground with many quite unrespectable freethinkers such as the two he has named, though why he should go out of his way to describe Mill as "a man of stunted and starved emotional nature" I cannot understand. Is it considered a sign of ethical respectability thus to insult one to whom we all owe a great intellectual debt? How else are we to account for this extraordinary blindness to the spiritual qualities of the man who did so much to humanize the science of Economics? This apart, Mr. Bridges does some service to ra-



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tionalist propaganda in this chapter, and also in his very effective tilt at the shallow cleverness of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's theology. He also turns an effective weapon against Haeckel's pseudo-philosophical and pseudo-historical attack on Christianity, "The Riddle of the Universe," and not a few rationalists will be grateful to him for exposing one among their ranks of whom they are ashamed. One cannot read this exposure of the Jena biologist's sciolism, however, without asking one's self what is the secret of his great popularity, and of the utter obscurity of the whole ethical movement in comparison. Mr. Bridges admits that Haeckel's book has "enjoyed a distribution probably unequaled in the history of the world by any other treatise dealing with such serious themes. . . . It has been translated into no less than twenty-four languages." He also admits that "it has been seized upon as a sort of new gospel by immense circles of the working class, who seem, for some unfathomable reason, to regard it as a message of good tidings and great joy to them. Multitudes of artisans in England (I limit my assertion to England because there only can I speak from first-hand personal knowledge) have studied this book with the same kind of fervour and devotion as their forebears gave to the study of the Bible." Now there is nothing "unfathomable" about all this. Haeckel and his English disciple, Robert Blatchford, write in a popular

style and appeal to the common people. They supply a pseudo-philosophy which fits in with the scepticism of ordinary people, and whenever they use a technical term they explain what they mean in plain, everyday language. Ethical writers, on the other hand, can scarcely be said to address their appeal to the common people. Dr. Coit, it is true, once fancied himself to be a Labor man in politics, and was handsomely defeated when he stood for Parliament in the Labor interest. The fact was, the Labor movement was not over-much interested in him, I fear, nor was he sufficiently interested in it. He still belongs to the Fabians, an essentially respectable and avowedly middle-class body of "Socialists," and so, I think does his disciple, Mr. Bridges. But at the very commencement of his ministry in England, Dr. Coit showed that he had no message for the working classes. He came to be minister to Dr. Moncure B. Conway's old church in Finsbury, but it was found he was a square peg in a round hole, and soon betook himself to the more congenial atmosphere of Kensington and Bayswater, where Mr. Bridges learned his philosophy. When competent writers on rational philosophy do not themselves try to make a popular appeal, they must not be either surprised or indignant when others rush in to supply the need. Apart from the technicalities of philosophy, Mr. Bridges uses Latin, French, and German quotations without taking the trouble to translate them.

His attitude on the several other subjects touched upon is even more typical. He batters Sir Oliver Lodge for allowing his wish to be the father to his belief in immortality, while getting in several back-handers at the dogmatic deniers of immortality. He is an agnostic in the true sense, exalting the attitude of the ever open mind. His ethics take a startling turn in the chapter on clerical heresy, where he justifies the clergyman who continues in his office after he has ceased to believe the teaching of his church. There is a case for such a line of conduct, but here respectability preaches one thing and generally practices the other. Our author holds to the practice and justifies it with a new philosophy. On similar grounds, Dr. Coit defends the Establishment of the Church in England—and here the reactionary tendency of ethicists peeps out.

In two chapters on free love and suicide the weakness of ethicists comes out very strongly. Obviously, Mr. Bridges has to condemn both, or abandon respectability. Monogamy is the ideal to be aimed at, he holds, and he says Miss Ellen Key, who serves as a target for his criticism, holds the same ideal. That being so, the real point at issue would appear to be whether a marriage which has proved a failure should be broken off and the parties left free to remarry. Most people would say "Yes," and where difference of opinion is likely to arise is in estimating the precise degree of failure which justifies divorce. The only difference between the free lover and the rest of the world is that the former would leave it to the couple concerned to de-

cide when a divorce is desirable, curbing them only by public opinion, which is always a far more real power in keeping uncongenial couples together than any legal bond. And the free lover may go further, and argue that if the legal bond is not to bind any longer than the people concerned wish, there is no object in having a legal bond. Having thus stated clearly enough that his opponent is really at heart a monogamist as much as himself he wastes his ammunition on trying to prove the case for monogamy, and entirely forgets to tell us what are the benefits to society or anybody else of keeping people tied together when love has fled and their own interests and those of their children seem to indicate the advisability of separation. Yet that is what he has to do in order, from a purely rationalist point of view, to justify the refusal of divorce except on the very limited grounds he sets forth. Moreover, in stating the case for monogamy, he does not escape the semi-hysteria of those who think the human will cease to exist if monogamy is abandoned, although he refers to the fact that the monogamic ideal is not accepted in China, a country which is, nevertheless, thickly populated. In other words, he either does not know, or at any rate fails to state the real case for monogamy.

He seems to be in no less a fix in condemning suicide. Here he actually has to fall back upon the contention that "a man should sometimes trust his moral intuitions before his intellect has furnished him with a logically coercive justification of them." This idea he essays to translate into ethical terms as follows: When we remove from ourselves self-conscious rationality—that is ethical for saying "we commit suicide"—"we are false not merely to ourselves, our families, and our nation, and not even merely to humanity at large; we are traitors to the universe, deserters from the cosmic army." I freely confess that this declamation seems to me to be mere rhetoric. The churches supply a reason why a man should not commit suicide, though rationalists contend it is a false one. Mr. Bridges utterly fails to supply a new one. It is said of Paley's "Evidences of Christianity" that it conclusively proved the truth of Christianity for more than a hundred years without ever converting an infidel. Ethical philosophy bids fair to prove the rationality of respectability for the next hundred years without ever making an unrespectable rationalist respectable. I am certain any believer in either free love or suicide would be strengthened in his view by reading Mr. Bridges' criticisms.

Rid of the Refuse

The first necessity of urban life is to get rid of the sewage, but following close upon the performance of that vital function is the necessity for disposing of the refuse of the kitchen and the markets. In both of these essentials to the health and welfare of the city St. Louis is fortunate, for the most grouchy of the grumblers who air their troubles, real or imaginary, through the

columns of the press or on the rostrum, is compelled to admit that this city has made ample provision for the carrying off of the sewage and for the disposal of the garbage.

Until within a few years this problem of the disposal of the garbage was a real and reeking problem, which finally was solved when the contract for its disposition was given to the Indiana Reduction Company. In few other great cities of this country has the problem been so satisfactorily solved, and in none has it been more economically disposed of. The Indiana Reduction Company takes the refuse collected by the city and delivered on the water front; transports the collections to a point far down the river, where it has a reduction plant on the Illinois side; there puts it through a process which extracts from the mass certain merchantable commodities in the form of oils and fertilizers, and discharges the residue in smoke. It does this without making the process offensive, which is attested by the fact that, from the time the refuse is delivered to the company until it is ultimately rendered into its chemical components it is handled expeditiously and scientifically and there is no poisoning of the air with noxious odors.

The company has installed a plant costing more than three hundred thousand dollars for the carrying out of its contract with the city—which has yet some three years to run. The contract is based on the payment to the company of 87 cents per ton of matter handled—which is fifty cents per ton less than was paid when the work was imperfectly done and the city sweltered in the reek of the garbage. The plant is scientifically perfect, as it is the business of the Reduction Company to get all the merchantable matter out of the refuse, and all that is permitted to escape is a whiff of smoke.

There was recently a rumor that a permit had been granted the city to dump the garbage into the river, but this has been authoritatively denied by Congressman L. C. Dyer, and the people down the river have been relieved of their anxiety. The generally satisfactory service of the Indiana Reduction Company and the economical terms upon which the contract is made give assurance that the present method of

disposing of the garbage of St. Louis will not only be continued for several years at least, but that it will furnish an example to other river cities seeking a solution of the problem.

In the Print Room

By Louis Albert Lamb

Criticism is the best expression of friendship toward individual or institution. Those who are apathetic, the ignorant, the hostile, usually say nothing, or what is worse, damn with faint praise. True friends of public servants, and those who have at heart the progress and improvement of foundations for the public benefit, show their good will when they offer suggestions, when they point out deficiencies, when they criticize defects. In like manner, the public officer who is responsive to such suggestions, and proceeds to correct matters complained of, shows his fitness for office in a manner quite unmistakable.

These remarks have reference to the recent acquisitions for the Print Room of the City Art Museum. Vice-President Samuel L. Sherer of the Board of Control, who is responsible for the development of the black and white department of the collection on Art Hill, deserves the commendation of all art-lovers for the discrimination and acute knowledge of values displayed in his recent purchases. He has shown genial catholicity of taste in his selections, with the limited outlay granted by the Board. The standard of the Print Room is perceptibly raised by the addition of the new plates. The student of prints is afforded a number of exquisite works by great masters of line, and these works in their most interesting states. Having been candid in unfavorable comment a few weeks ago, it is my duty to be equally frank in deserved applause now.

We have much cause for rejoicing in the purchase of the wonderful "Little Passion" sequence of Albrecht Dürer. The engraving of the sixteen plates of this series occupied the hand, heart and brain of the Nuremberg master for five years leading up to the meridian of his genius and power. The first of the plates bears the date 1507 and the conception was completed in 1512, two years before the completion of the "Melen-colia" and the year before the final touches on "The Knight, Death and the

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Devil." His "St. Jerome in his Cell" dates to this fruitful period, making it incontestably the high noon of Dürer's creative life.

Without going into comparisons between this "Little Passion" on copper and the much larger and more various wood-block sequence bearing the same title, or discussing either in relation to the "Passion" drawings, it is quite safe to say that Mr. Sherer has shown extreme nicety of judgment in purchasing this set. The fifteen plates comprising the "Passion" are here in well-nigh perfect impressions; and the frame is squared out with an interpolated plate of SS. Peter and John doing a miracle of healing. No. 1 of the sequence represents the Lord in his prophetic rôle as "The Man of Sorrows." It is a supreme masterpiece of characterization, and hardly surpassed anywhere in its mastery of the powers of burin on copper. The series proceeds with the Saviour in the Mount of Olives, before the Jews, before Caiaphas, before Pilate, the Beating, the Thorn Coronation, the presentation to the people, Pilate's Ablutions, the Way of the Cross, the Descent, the Immuring, the Descent into Hell, and the Resurrection. The last two plates of the series constitute a perfect epitome of the Christian System. They are in no way surpassed by the so-called "capital" plates of Dürer except in size and in elaboration. Technically they are absolute perfection. In invention and in religious passion, in intellectuality, imagination, grasp of symbols and similitudes, and in strange coercive force they are unexampled, not merely in the entire range of Dürer's hand but in the copperplate art of all time. Nothing less than systematic study of these plates under a glass of considerable power should satisfy the devout lover of line engraving at its apogee. If there were not another example of Dürer in the room this "Little Passion" would suffice for an induction to the heart of the art of the Nuremberg masters of the early sixteenth century.

The "Little Masters" in the Print Room represent keen discrimination and excellent taste; and the addition of seven more superb examples of H. S. Beham (1500-1550) will be good news to all students of line. One of the recent acquisitions is Beham's "Prodigal Son" series of four delightful little plates, rich in humor, human sympathy and technical mastery. For sheer decorative instinct and beauty of line the heraldic plates will justify close study. One is the famous "Coat of arms with the chevron and three shields." The other is the blazon with the "Lion Rampant Regardant."

Two Rembrandts are added to the collection, both immensely interesting and highly desirable acquisitions. One is a small, self-portrait, showing the artist with his short, curly hair in a dishevelled condition, and the face depicted with a curious blend of humor and cynicism. The plate is etched with all the consummate freedom and precision that characterize Rembrandt, and the handling of light and shade, breadth and detail, extreme elaboration and faint suggestion, are both delightful and instructive. The other example, an unfinished study on copper, is the "Artist Drawing

from a Model." Part of the plate is lightly sketched in with suggestive masses. The rest is carried to the extreme of execution, in the lowest key of the gamut, yet revealing the same mastery of chiaroscuro that Rembrandt possessed in oils on canvas.

Daubigny is shown in a superb first-state proof from the plate of "The Marsh with Storks." It is an impression of the greatest beauty, partly on account of the needle style of this Barbizon man and partly because of the exquisite tonality imparted by the use of a strangely luminous printing ink. As a commentary on the Daubigny paintings in St. Louis collections, this etching is of peculiar importance. Mr. Sherer is to be congratulated on obtaining it.

Anders Zorn is represented by two of his best plates, the "King Oscar" and "August Strindberg." You will go far to find a more amazing cycle of character delineation than that afforded by these plates and the "Renan" and "The Toast" already in the Print Room.

The "Memorandum of Kilgaren Castle," an autographed proof by Seymour Haden is an extraordinary example of the English etcher's best style and a print of extreme brilliancy, beauty and charm.

Herman A. Webster's "Les Blanchisseuses" is another of the new prints. It is one etching in a thousand in tonal richness, in subtlety of values and in all that makes for beauty on copper.

Among other new things recently added to the Museum collections is a group of antique textiles, Roman, Coptic, and Greek, dating back to the fourth or fifth century of the Christian era. Of course, they are only rotting fragments, but they are invaluable to all students of ornament and applied design.

An Egyptian *stèle*, blackened with the smoke of ages, has been added to the antiquities of the Museum. It is a low relief of unusual beauty and in a perfect condition of preservation.

Everything considered, it is only fair to say that things are looking up at the City Museum. Efforts are being made to give the institution practical and esthetic value, and it is unquestionably improving in the arrangement and classification of exhibits.

Now let the people who care for art vote confidence in the administration by frequent trips to the galleries. The Director welcomes suggestions and is always glad to discuss gallery affairs with interested visitors.

Music

By Victor Lichtenstein

I am quite certain that the MIRROR's large family has been very grateful for my silence for the last few weeks. I have thought of a number of interesting topics for discussion, have attended most of the concerts given in St. Louis, and even took a flying trip to Chicago the week before Christmas in order to hear and see Wagner's "Dusk of the Gods." I had fully determined on my return to write something about this performance, which, by the way, was in most respects vigorous and satisfactory; but what can I say about Wagner

and the Ring of the Niebelungen that has not already been said tens of thousands of times by men who have devoted their entire lives to the study of this phenomenon in the artistic world? Most of us have probably read George Bernard Shaw's "Perfect Wagnerite"; and many of us have no doubt laughed at Shaw's socialistic interpretation of the Ring; but don't be too sure that Shaw's conception was not in the main that of Wagner himself. The trouble with the whole question is, that Wagner's cure-all of our earthly troubles, the power of love, and the act of renunciation through love, by no means solves the riddle of existence. But get Shaw's book and read it. I think those of us who are interested in Wagner will get a good deal out of it.

But I hear someone asking, "What has this to do with Music?" Where is the connection between the capitalistic class as idealized by the God Wotan and his fellows, the labouring class represented by the two giants, Fasolt and Fafner, and the radical socialist or anarchist personified by the hero Siegfried? Nothing whatsoever of course, and yet a great deal. Wagner, first and last a musician, and then a dramatist of enormous powers, was so moved by the events of 1848 in Germany, that he was irresistibly impelled to preach his philosophy of life, and his gospel of the redemption of mankind from the multitudinous social evils of his day through a great music drama, and finally, after twenty-five years of labor, he achieved the complete "Ring" as we now know it. In spite of many uninspired musical passages due entirely to the fact that many of the scenes were untranslatable into the realm of tone, the Ring contains much of Wagner's finest music. The so-called *leit-motiven* or representative themes are usually short, simple, and easily remembered; they are in the main arrangements and permutations of the simple triad which every child can sing or play on the piano: the miracle achieved by the composer is in his wondrous elaboration of these germs of musical thought, and the marvelous orchestral coloring which enable him to

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I believe that the cult of Wagner, far from becoming weaker, is growing in strength. At the Wagner programme given by our local Symphony Society about two weeks ago, the greatest enthusiasm was expressed by practically everybody in the Odeon; and Mr. Zach had wisely selected the best known of the orchestral excerpts, those containing easily grasped melody and harmony. There is no use of arguing the point; an audience can only be moved by what it likes and understands. The educational propaganda which every Symphony society must carry on, should be done in homeopathic doses only.

Among other interesting concerts which have been given in St. Louis in the past month was the Morning Choral affair, in which Mr. E. R. Kroeger of St. Louis, was represented by an unaccompanied chorus, "An Autumn Song," and in which the outstanding number of the evening was Deems Taylor's musical setting of Alfred Noyes' ballad, "The Highwayman." Mr. Gal-

loway directed with his usual vigor and achieved excellent results. Last Thursday evening, Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes made their annual visit to St. Louis and played, among other things, Beethoven's joyful sonata in F major, and Cecil Burleigh's "Ascension" sonata, a contemporary work by an American violinist and composer of more than ordinary gifts. Mr. Burleigh has constructed a vigorous tone-poem, not in the traditional sonata form however, which is full of sensuous beauty, possesses two or three charming themes and held the interest of the audience to the very end. The gifted pair of artists played both works in their usual sincere style. Among the smaller numbers, "A Reverie," by Mr. Kroeger, seemed to please most, and Mr. Mannes was constrained to repeat it at the close of the programme. It might interest my readers to know that I listened to this entire concert without consulting my programme and when Mr. Mannes played "The Reverie" for the first time, I was quite certain that it was the work of one of the great Russian composers, either Borodin or Tchaikowsky. When I further say that it impressed me as a little piece of great beauty, full of a passionate longing, I am sure that you will agree that I am not prejudiced through my admiration for Mr. Kroeger as man and composer; for here was something that I knew absolutely nothing about.

Dickens Fellowship Convention

The Dickens Fellowship is an organization of men and women whose purpose is to exemplify the teachings of Charles Dickens and to cultivate and diffuse the spirit which pervades his writings. It was founded in 1902 and branches were soon established in all English-speaking countries. The St. Louis branch was formed five years ago. Meetings are held monthly; programmes are made up of papers on some phase of Dickens' life or works, readings from his novels or study and discussion of a particular book. The author's birthday, February 7, is always observed with a special programme or banquet.

The general convention this year is to be held in St. Louis at the Planters' Hotel, February 3-7, the local branch acting as host. The schedule for this five-day event includes three business sessions, a period devoted to Dickens and the drama, one to Dickens and his work for children, a loan exhibit and programme at the Central Library, individual celebrations in the various school and libraries, memorial services at McKendree College in Lebanon, Ill., a "Christmas Carol" recital by Mr. F. W. Bell-Smith, president of the Toronto branch, and a reception and ball at the Planters. The loan exhibit at the library will embrace quite an extensive one brought from Canada by Mr. Bell-Smith, and a portion of the rare collection of the late Mr. E. W. Williamson. All the affairs will be open (free) to the members. A special campaign is now on to secure new associate members—associate membership fee one dollar for the season. Those desiring to join should address the president, Mrs.

J. K. Maxwell, at the headquarters in the Syndicate Trust building.

Coming Shows

The famous "Ziegfeld Follies," series of 1915, said to excel in many ways any previous series, will be presented at the Olympic Theater next week, commencing Sunday evening. There are two acts and eighteen scenes, participated in by one hundred and fifty performers, including such favorites as Ina Claire, Anna Pennington, Lucille Cavanagh, the Oakland Sisters, Emma Haig, Kay Laurell, May Hennessey, Bert Williams, Leon Errol, W. C. Fields, Ed Wynn, Ethel Delmar, Gladys Loftus, Fawn Conway, Evelyn Koerner, Betty Touraine, Stella Leslie and Addison Young. The scenic equipment was designed and painted by Joseph Urban, the noted Viennese artist. The most elaborate is "Under the Sea." Owing to its massiveness, it can only be produced advantageously at the beginning of the performance and those who do not wish to deprive themselves of the best feature of the play should be on hand when the curtain rises.

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May Irwin in the new comedy, "33 Washington Square"—original cast and production—will be next week's attraction at the Shubert Theater, commencing Sunday night. Miss Irwin's supporting company includes Frances Gaunt, Julia Ralph, Leonard Hollister, Harry Hanson, Joseph Woodburn, Clara Blandick, Charlotte Carter, Aldrich Bowker, George Clark, Max A. Meyer and William Sully. Miss Irwin's recent letter to President Wilson, recommending the formation of a Department of Laughter, with herself at the head, "to laugh out of court the pests and jingoes who are attempting to interfere with the executive in his foreign policy," has made her famous as a stateswoman no less than as an actress.

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"Floradora" will open at the Park Theater on January 31 for a week. It is the most famous of musical comedies. In fact, it set the vogue. That was sixteen years ago. It ran nearly two years in New York. The sextette, "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden," was the rage and is still a popular tune. All the members of the original sextette became famous either on the stage or by reason of their successful marriages. The Park management is going to give us a revival of "Floradora" that will recall its earlier glories. There will be six handsome St. Louis women in the sextette. The Park Opera Company will play its members to the best advantage, Mabel Wilber in the lead, Frank Moulan furnishing the comedy, assisted by Billy Kemp, while Louise Allen, Sarah Edwards, George Natanson, Royal Cutter, Harry Fender, Elvah Rader, Josie DuBois and others will have congenial roles. The new popular buffo-basso, Francis J. Boyle, will make his first appearance here. The piece should bring out all the old-timers in the theater-going population and the younger generation will surely

COLUMBIA	STERLING VAUDEVILLE
2:15—Twice Daily—8:15	
America's Favorite Single Singing Comedienne, NORA BAYES	
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EXTRA FEATURE	
WALTER C. KELLY The Virginian Judge.	
Mats. 10c to 50c. Eves., 10c to 75c.	

AMERICAN THEATER	Starting Next Sunday Matinee 11 a. m. till 11 p. m.
D. W. Griffith presents Orrin Johnson in	
"The Price of Power"	
Thos. H. Ince presents Bessie Barriscale and Bruce McRae in	
"The Green Swamp"	
Two Keystone comedies of the latest Sennett vintage, Mabel Norman and Roscoe Arbuckle in "He Did and He Didn't," and Mack Swain in "A Movie Star."	

GRAND OPERA HOUSE	10c-20c	Starting Monday, Jan. 31 and week
HARRINGTON REYNOLDS In "The Haberdashery"	SWAN AND SWAN Juggling and Dancing	
ANNIE MORECROFT And Her Neptune's Daughters	ADELE OSWALD Musical Comedy	
MAURICE DOWNEY AND CO. Present an "Irish Arden"	FRANK WARD	
KELLEY AND GALVIN	GLADYS CORRELL	
THREE KELCEY SISTERS	ANIMATED WEEKLY And Comedy Pictures	

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ZIEGFELD FOLLIES

want to see and hear what set their elders humming and a-tingling in the long ago.

✱

"Excuse Me," showing at the Park this week, moves to the Shenandoah next week, succeeding "Alma, Where Do You Live?" The Park Players are putting a lot of life into it and getting

a lot of fun out of it. It is a very funny piece from start to finish. Matt Hanley is particularly excruciating, and Frances Neilson is lovely, while the others are "all there."

✱

The American Theater will present next week, commencing Sunday at 11 and daily thereafter 11 a. m. to 11 p. m.,

D. W. Griffith's "The Price of Power," with Orrin Johnson as the workman-capitalist-derelect; "The Green Swamp," an Ince production featuring Bessie Barriscale and Bruce McRee—a story of a physician's wife's jealousy; two Keystone comedies, Sennett's latest; Mabel Norman and Roscoe Arbuckle in "He Did and He Didn't," with William Jefferson and Al St. John and Mack Swain in "A Movie Star."

Harrington Reynolds in "The Haberdashery," a musical farce, will be the headline feature at the Grand Opera House next week. It is a hilarious sketch depicting the mishaps of a young Englishman who is presented with a haberdashery shop by his people and is expected to take charge of and run it. As the curtain rises he is found dusting the stock with one of his four dollar shirts. There are seven pretty girls and three men in the supporting company; the musical numbers are by Dan Dody. Other attractions are Annie Morecraft, champion woman swimmer and her Neptune's Daughters disporting in a big glass tank; Maurice Downey in the popular playlet, "An Irish Arden"; Kelley and Galvin, the actor and the Italian; the three Kelcey Sisters, comedy and acrobatic dancing; Swan and Swan, juggling and dancing; Oswald and Jarnigan in musical comedy; Frank Ward, Gladys Carroll and new comedy pictures.

The German Theater company will produce a play rich in melody, humor, pathos and romance, entitled, "The Trumpeter of Saeckingen," next Sunday evening at the Victoria. It will be a benefit performance for Mr. Adolf Stoye and all admirers of this excellent actor, whose fine portrayal of various roles has given pleasure to the patrons of the German drama in St. Louis for the past several months, should evidence their appreciation by their presence. Director Loebel assures the public that the evening will be perfect in all details as the company is carefully cast.

This Week's Symphonies

The symphony artist this week will be Marcella Craft, presenting the much-discussed Finale of Strauss' "Salome," withdrawn as a result of popular disapproval, when produced at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1907. Europe received it kinder. Miss Craft has won wide fame from her marvelous interpretation of the role, particularly at the Royal Opera in Munich; she possesses the exclusive right of performance of this role in America and has given it with the New York Philharmonic and the Chicago Symphony orchestras. The programme also includes Beethoven's Symphony No. 5, in C minor, Op. 67; Liszt's "Die Lorelei," and Strauss' tone-poem, "Tod und Verklärung."

Conductor Zach has prepared a delightful miscellaneous programme for Sunday's Pop concert. There will be no soloist. The numbers are all of a high order of merit, but of such character as to be pleasing to all. The most important will be the favorite Tchaikowsky Marche Slave. Others

will be selections from "Pagliacci," Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba" processional and Strauss' "Du und Du" from "The Bat."

Marts and Money

They still have a slipping and disappointing sort of a market down East. Liquidation is persistent, and eases the efforts of the "bears" to pull values down to lower levels. The public maintains an apathetic attitude. It is either full of distrust or extensively committed on the long side at the fancy figures of two or three months ago. Professional trading is mostly concentrated in metal, munition, oil, sugar, Industrial Alcohol and Mercantile Marine issues. Bethlehem Steel was a strikingly mobile feature in the last few days. The price advanced from 470 to 500, but it promptly relapsed to 471 on the news that the company's directors had declared a dividend of only 30 per cent. On October 22 last, sales were made at 600. Apparently, the Wall Street crowd had looked for a 50 per cent cash dividend and stock rights to boot.

United States Industrial Alcohol common was worth 15 about a year ago. The current quotation is above 160. We are told that the company has "tremendous" earnings. But despite this, the directors have not yet seen fit to declare something on the common certificates. Seven per cent is paid on the preferred. According to the wise men of the "Street," the company is controlled by the Standard Oil people. As regards the sensational speculation in International Mercantile Marine certificates and bonds, we are given to understand that the outcome of the reorganization proceedings will be very pleasant to both sides. The company is credited with the greatest earnings in its history of thirteen years. The preferred certificates are quoted at 82; the collateral 4½ per cent certificates at 101½. Wonderful figures, these. They suggest a mountain-moving faith in the future of the company, which up to August 1, 1914, had proved a distressing investment to all those who "got in on the ground floor" in 1903, in response to the solicitations of J. P. Morgan & Co. That the financial position of the company has substantially improved, cannot be doubted. The owners of ocean vessels have things their own way under prevailing conditions, and should have them a good while longer. Freight charges are the highest ever known, and competition is quite negligible.

That the present market is essentially manipulative needs no elaborate demonstration. No other deduction can be drawn from the feverish fluctuations in the quotations for stocks of obscure, exaggerated or transitory merits. They symbolize a series of skillfully arranged "matched orders." Fraudulent transactions of that kind are forbidden by the rules of the Exchange, but who cares for the rules when "confidence" has been revived and thousands of unsophisticated people still are waiting for chances to make piles in Wall Street? The Stock Exchange has badly damaged its reputation and standing by its con-
niving at the dishonest performances

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You wish he would save something — it would mean so much to both of you in the future — and to his own business chances; — you've heard him say, "If I'd just had a little capital I could have bought into so-and-so"; — if you haven't you will hear it.

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and we will send him matter that will make a saver of him.

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perpetrated by cliques and individual jugglers since March, 1915. Even the New York *Financial Chronicle* has seen the light. In one of its latest issues, it bitterly condemns both the manipulative orgies and the officials who permitted them. There can be no reasonable objection to real speculation, if it is the inevitable consequence of close calculations respecting impending changes in general economic affairs. But there can absolutely be no condonement of fictitious dealings, designed to further attempts at obtaining money under false pretenses.

The price of New York Central shows a depreciation of about \$3. Selling for both accounts was promoted, in this case, by intimations that the dividend rate would be maintained at the rate of 5 per cent per annum. The stock is now quoted at 108¾. On January 13, sales were effected at 111¼, a figure indicating an advance of \$30 since last March. It is admitted on all sides that the company could disburse 6 per cent without putting an undue strain upon its finances. The gross and net earnings have disclosed extraordinary gains since July 1, 1915. And it seems safe to predict that additional material improvement will be witnessed in the first half of 1916.

The down-turn in the price of New York Central was attended by a fall of \$2.50 in that for Chicago, M. & St. Paul common. On January 3, the latter stock was selling at 102½, representing an advance of \$25 since last July. The spirited demand was the result of expectations of more generous payments to stockholders. The St. Paul has distributed 5 per cent per annum since

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January 1, 1912. In the 1902-11 period, both inclusive, the rate was 7 per cent. In the fiscal year 1914-15, the 5 per cent dividend was not fully earned; the surplus was equal to not more than 3.25 on the \$117,000,000 common stock, after payment of the 7 per cent on the \$115,845,000 preferred. All germane matters carefully considered, it may be said that the Board of Directors will not be subject to censure if it decides to continue the dividend rate at 5 per cent, even if such action should bring a decline to 92 in the quotation for the common certificates.

Concerning the immediate and farther future of the market, there is much reasoning these days; likewise much romancing. In the interest of all parties concerned, it is to be hoped that the hierarchy of finance will compel the adoption of prudent policies from now on, with a view to letting prices fall to, or remain at, levels fairly in harmony with intrinsic merits, conditions in money markets, and the state of things on the other side of the Atlantic. It should be plain to every thoughtful student of affairs that the principal necessity, for some time to come, will be a steady and broadened investment inquiry, sufficient to absorb the volumes of domestic and foreign liquidation that would seem to be impending. It should

also be clear to every tutored onlooker that the propensity to invest on a large scale can be stimulated only by a fixing of such values as will make purchases worth while to thrifty, moneyed people.

It is dangerous because destructive to a nation's economic life to countenance financiering and operations in security markets which are expressly designed to tie up enormous amounts of funds in securities the prices of which are inflated. Such a policy is especially menacing when it is put in force in a time like the present, when the wealth of nations is ruined in Europe at stupendous rates, and when at least one of the great Governments is prepared to sell American bonds, notes, and stocks of a total valuation of more than \$1,000,000,000.

On the Chicago Board of Trade, the quotation for May wheat has risen to \$1.32 $\frac{3}{4}$ —a new top record for the 1915-16 season. A year ago, the quotation was \$1.25 $\frac{1}{2}$. The expanding demand reflects talk of deterioration in the condition of the domestic winter wheat fields; also reports to the effect that authorities in England predict a further substantial advance in the next two or three months. It's a most interesting trade situation. The upward course is sustained by prominent and daring parties; by the same operators, that is to say, who bought vast quantities of wheat at the low prices of some months ago. At one time, May wheat was quoted at 96 $\frac{1}{4}$ cents a bushel. Shipments from Argentina and Australia are seriously curtailed by lack of freight room and exorbitant charges and insurance rates. North America, therefore, is the cheapest and most accessible source of supplies for the needy countries of Europe, and will be so for months to come.

The price of silver now is 57 $\frac{1}{4}$ cents per ounce fine. Contrasted with the minimum of the early part of 1915, this figure indicates an improvement of nearly 11 cents. In view of the growing financial unsettlement in Europe, the value of the white metal may fairly be expected to go higher still. Gold reserves are fast becoming inadequate in England, France, Germany, Russia, and Austria-Hungary, and the plain, common people are hoarding all the silver they can get hold of. In 1915, we received over \$450,000,000 gold from foreign countries; mainly from London and Paris. Except for the progressive liquidation of American securities, the movement hitherward would yet be on an important scale. At the proper date, it will be resumed.

Finance in St. Louis.

Business continues pretty good on the Fourth Street Exchange. Investors are on the lookout for desirable bonds and dividend-paying shares obtainable at prices implying net yields of 5 to 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Most of them are inclined to assume some speculative risks if they can get what they want at a satisfactory figure. The conclusion to be drawn from that is that they are anticipatory of good times and better profits in 1916. There yet are numerous meritorious securities in the local market which can be purchased at tempting prices, and

this being the case, further enlivenment of proceedings and additional enhancement in values would appear probable.

In the past week, sixty Mississippi Valley Trust were taken at 295. The increased activity in the demand for these shares attracts considerable attention. A sale of ten shares of Mechanics-American National was effected at 258. One hundred and ten Bank of Commerce changed hands at 100, and forty Mercantile Trust at 345. The prices mentioned show no noteworthy changes when compared with the results of the previous week.

Nearly \$15,000 United Railways 4s were transferred at 64. The market position of these securities reflects some improvement in inquiry. There were no transactions in the preferred or common stock; the bid and asked figures are a little higher. Five thousand dollars East St. Louis & Suburban 5s were sold at 90, and \$8,000 St. Louis & Suburban first 5s at 99.75, a price comparing favorably with the best marks of the last few years.

Trading in industrial issues was unusually brisk. One hundred shares Union Sand & Material found purchasers at 70 to 73. The tendency was upward. The dividend rate being 6 per cent, the net return at 73 is nearly 8.25 per cent. Eighty International Shoe common were disposed of at 92, denoting an investment yield of 6.52 per cent. Forty Wagner Electric Manufacturing changed hands at 180; twenty-five Central Coal & Coke common at 73; \$6,000 Independent Breweries 6s at 47.50, and \$4,000 Kansas City Home Telephone 5s at 91.50.

The money situation remains unchanged. Supplies of funds are ample for all legitimate purposes, and quoted charges remain below the normal for the season.

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Latest Quotations.

	Bid.	Asked.
Boatmen's Bank	150	152 $\frac{1}{2}$
Nt. Bk. of Commerce.....	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	100
St. Louis Union Trust.....	380	400
Title Guaranty Trust.....		112
United Railways com.....	5	7
do pfd.	19	19 $\frac{1}{2}$
do 4s	64	64 $\frac{1}{8}$
St. L. & Sub. 1st 5s.....	99 $\frac{3}{4}$	100
do gen. 5s	74	
Broadway 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ s	97 $\frac{3}{8}$	98
Compton Heights 5s.....	99 $\frac{3}{4}$	
E. St. L. & Sub. 5s.....	90 $\frac{1}{4}$	90 $\frac{7}{8}$
Laclede Gas com.	104 $\frac{3}{8}$	
Kinloch T. L. D. stock....	119	
K. C. Home T. 5s (\$100)	91 $\frac{1}{2}$	91 $\frac{3}{4}$
Union Sand and Material		69 $\frac{7}{8}$
Int. Shoe com.....		93
do pfd.	109	110
Gen. Roofing pfd.	101 $\frac{1}{2}$	102
Central Coal & Coke com	73	74
Granite Bimetallic	63 $\frac{3}{4}$	
Adams Mining	60	
National Candy com.....	63 $\frac{1}{4}$	73 $\frac{1}{8}$
Chicago Ry. Equipment..	87	
Wagner Electric	198	200

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Answers to Inquiries.

Subscriber, St. Louis.—International Shoe preferred has advanced about \$7 in the past twelve months. At 107.50, the current price, the purchaser is assured a net yield of about 5.50 per cent, or the same as on Laclede Gas preferred at 91. Both of these stocks should suit

your purposes; occasional declines cannot be expected to be of a serious sort. The dividend rates of 6 and 5 per cent, respectively, are regarded as safe.

Empire, Albany, N. Y.—Chicago Great Western preferred should be worth 50 or 55 before November, 1916. The present quotation of 39 indicates a decline of about two points from the recent top notch. If you wish to buy, scale your order. There may be a further fall in the price, in sympathy with the sag in the general list. You might order twenty-five shares bought at 38; twenty-five at 36, and twenty-five at 34 $\frac{1}{2}$. The stock is supposed to be on a 4 per cent dividend basis. There are no reliable signs of a coming absorption of the property by another company. I myself do not look for any in the next few years. Such "deals" are no longer as fashionable as they used to be in the good old times of 1899-1906.

Merchant, Dubuque, Ia.—Kansas City Southern preferred is not a speculative favorite, though it pays 6.34 per cent at 63, the existing quotation. In a real "bull" market, it might rise to 75. If you like the stock, buy it for an investment. The 4 per cent dividend is fully earned and will doubtless be maintained for an indefinite period.

G. L. L., Fort Worth, Tex.—Colorado & Southern first preferred is merely a speculation at this date. There are no intimations as yet of a resumption of dividend distributions. The company's earnings are growing larger, and they may show a fair-sized dividend surplus a year from now. Would not advise purchases for investment, however. Atchison common and preferred, Norfolk & Western common, Northern Pacific, and Baltimore & Ohio common should prove better acquisitions in the long run.

Observer, Milwaukee, Wis.—Cuban-American Sugar preferred, if bought at less than 110, should prove a satisfactory investment. The company's earnings are big, and the management is highly spoken of. The stability of the 7 per cent dividend is not to be questioned. The company pays 10 per cent on the common, remember. Of the latter stock, \$7,135,000 is outstanding; of the preferred, \$7,893,000.

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New Books Received

TAPS. By Franz Adam Beyerlein. Boston: John W. Luce & Co. A translation by Charles Swickard of the Austrian play, "Zapfenstreich." It is an earnest and weird arraignment of the conditions and abuses of caste prevalent in any army. Splendid anti-militaristic propaganda literature.

MILDEW MANSE. By Belle K. Maniates. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.00 net.

A rollicking account of the home life of a large and happy family.

AMERICAN MUNICIPAL PROGRESS. By Charles Zuehl. New York: Macmillan Co.; \$2.00 net.

A new edition. One of a series of social science text-books edited by Richard T. Ely. A discussion of public utilities, public baths and gymnasiums, open air schools, social centers, the paving and sanitation of streets, courts, police and policemen, parks, playgrounds, municipal theaters, school curriculum, everything pertaining to the government of a city, based upon the author's personal investigation.

ORDEAL BY BATTLE. By Frederick Scott Oliver. New York: Macmillan Co.; \$1.50.

A serious work on the causes of war; an apology for England in the present conflict.

YOSEMITE. By George Sterling. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson; 75c.

A poem. Illustrated with reproductions of paintings and photographs.

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ODE ON THE EXPOSITION. By George Sterling. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson; \$1.75. Written on the opening of the Panama-Pacific Exposition in February, 1915.

THE EVANESCENT CITY. By George Sterling. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson; 75c.

A very short poem commemorative of the San Francisco Fair, very handsomely printed and illustrated.

SELF HELPS FOR THE CITIZEN SOLDIER. By Captains James A. Moss and M. B. Stewart. Menasha, Wis.: George Banta Publishing Co.; \$1.25.

Detailed information on everything related to the army and army life.

I POSE. By Stella Benson. New York: The Macmillan Co.; \$1.25.

A novel relating the adventures of a gardener and a suffragette who pose as a Vagabond and as a Desperate Woman and take a strange journey.

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First Chauffeur—Bill's been a chauffeur ten years and never run over nobody yet. Second Chauffeur—Well, Bill's an absent-minded cuss. He's always thinking of something else.—*New York Globe*.

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When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.



"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A." NO. 9

Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Maryland "Father of Religious Liberty in America"

HISTORY proves, to their eternal honor, that the Catholics were the first in America to advocate the Freedom of all sects to worship at any shrine they chose to bend a knee. Of all the cavaliers of Maryland, none were more noble and none adored Liberty more than Charles Carroll, who, with his kinsman, Archbishop John Carroll, strove for the hereditary rights of mankind to practice Civil and Religious Liberty. Carroll was one of the richest and most learned men in the Colonies and when he proudly affixed his name to our immortal Declaration of Independence he courted the confiscation of his vast estates. A bystander facetiously remarked, as he did so, "There goes a few millions." He was elected to the National Convention which adopted the Constitution of the United States, but illness forbade his attendance. His cousin, though, Daniel Carroll, signed our National Law, which forever guarantees to Americans Civil, Religious and Personal Liberty.

Carroll's manners were easy, affable and graceful; in all the elegancies of polite society few men were his superiors. His hospitality was nothing short of royal and he was a lifetime user of light wines and barley brews. He died in his 95th year, the last survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and was looked upon with reverential regard by rich and poor alike. Fifty-eight years ago Anheuser-Busch launched their great institution and have always brewed honest beers—the kind the illustrious Carroll loved to quaff. Day by day their famous brews have grown in popular favor, until 7500 people are constantly required to keep pace with the public demand. Their great brand BUDWEISER, because of its quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor, exceeds the sales of all other beers by millions of bottles.

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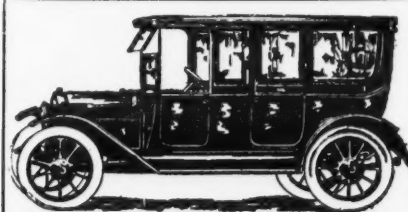
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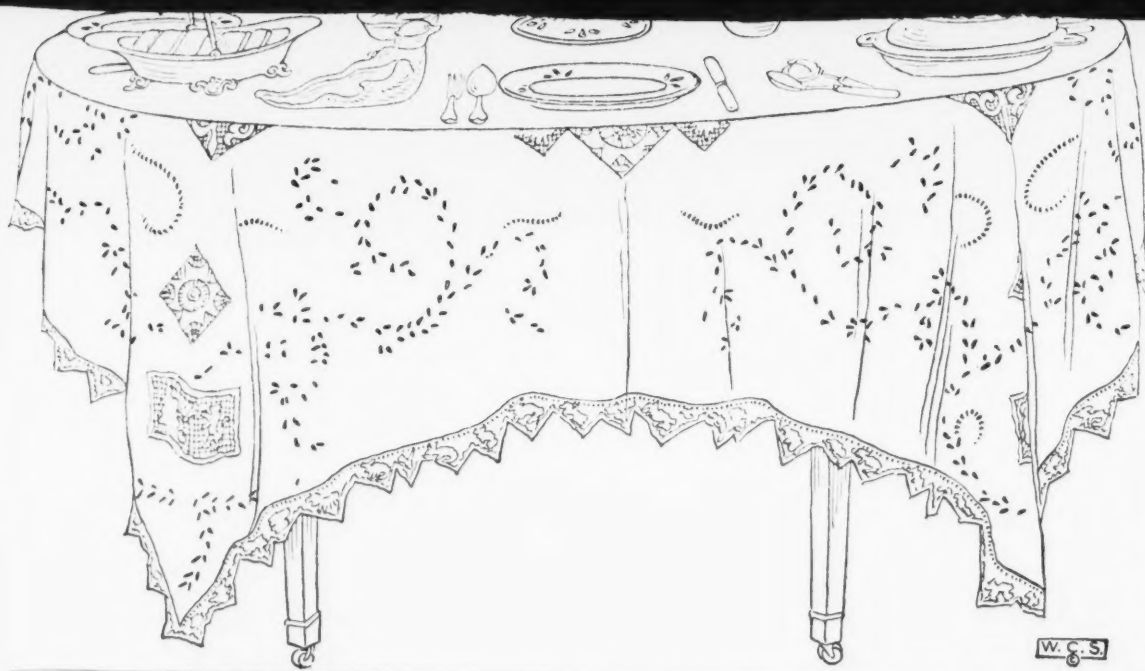
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50c and 59c Bath Towels.....35c
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\$1.25 Bath Mats.....85c

No. 45 Humidor Linens

Full bleached, all pure linen satin damask Cloths and Napkins at special prices; round designs.

Cloth, 70x70 inches.....\$3.00
Cloth, 70x80 inches.....\$3.75
Cloth, 70x100 inches.....\$4.50
22-in. Napkins to match: doz. \$3.75

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This is a double satin damask; in six beautiful round designs.

Cloth, 2x2 yards.....\$5.00
Cloth, 2x2½ yards.....\$6.00
22-inch Napkins: dozen.....\$6.00
24-inch Napkins: dozen.....\$7.00

\$1.25 Dozen Napkins

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